National Anti-Slavery Standard.

VOL. XVII. NO. 4. NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JUNE 14, 1856. WHOLE NO. 836.

National Anti-Slavery Standard,

PUBLISHED WEEKLY, ON SATURDAY,

AT TWO DOLLARS PER ANNUM,

BY THE

AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY,

At its Office, 138 *Nassau St., New York,*

AND AT THE OFFICE OF THE

PENNSYLVANIA ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY,

31 *North Fifth St., Philadelphia.*

Advertisements inserted at $1 per square for the first insertion, and 25 cents for every subsequent one. For advertisements less than a square, 50 cents for each insertion.

NORRIS & JOHNSTON, PRINTERS.

Pro-Slavery.

SOUTHERN SENTIMENT ON THE SUMNER OUTRAGE.

From The Richmond Enquirer, June 2.

THE SUMNER DISCIPLINE—THE NEEDFUL REMEDY.

A few Southern journals, affecting an exclusive refinement of feeling or regard for the proprieties of official intercourse, unite with the Abolition papers in condemning the chastisement inflicted upon Sumner by the Hon. P. S. Brooks. We have no patience with these mealy-mouthed pharisees of the Press. Why not speak out and declare at once that you are shocked by the "brutality of a slaveholding ruffian?" It is much more manly to adopt the violent vocabulary of the *Tribune* than to insinuate disapprobation in the meek accents of a conscience-smitten saint.

In the main, the press of the South applaud the conduct of Mr. Brooks, without condition or limitation. Our approbation, at least, is entire and unreserved. We consider the act good in conception, better in execution, and best of all in consequence. The vulgar Abolitionists in the Senate are getting above themselves. They have been humoured until they forget their position. They have grown saucy, and dare to be impudent to gentlemen! Now, they are a low, mean, scurvy set, with some little book learning, but as utterly devoid of spirit or honour as a pack of curs. Intrenched behind "privilege," they fancy they can slander the South and insult its representatives with impunity. The truth is, they have been suffered to run too long without collars. They must be lashed into submission. Sumner, in particular, ought to have nine and thirty early every morning. He is a great strapping fellow, and could stand the cowhide beautifully. Brooks frightened him, and at the first blow of the cane he bellowed like a bull calf. There is the blackguard Wilson, an ignorant Natick cobbler, swaggering in excess of muscle, and absolutely dying for a beating. Will not somebody take him in hand? Hale is another huge, red faced, sweating scoundrel, whom some gentleman should kick and cuff until he abates something of his impudent talk. These men are perpetually abusing the people and representatives of the South, for tyrants, robbers, ruffians, adulterers, and what not. Shall we stand it? Can gentlemen sit still in the Senate and House of Representatives, under an incessant stream of denunciation from wretches who avail themselves of the privilege of place to indulge their devilish passions with impunity? In the absence of an adequate law, Southern gentlemen must protect their own honour and feelings. It is an idle mockery to challenge one of these scullions. It is equally useless to attempt to disgrace them. They are insensible to shame, and can be brought to reason only by an application of cowhide or gutta percha. Let them once understand that for every vile word spoken against the South they will suffer so many stripes, and they will soon learn to behave themselves like decent dogs—they can never be gentlemen. Mr. Brooks has initiated this salutary discipline, and he deserves applause for the bold, judicious manner in which he chastised the scamp Sumner. It was a proper act, done at the proper time, and in the proper place.

Of all places on earth, the Senate Chamber, the theatre of his vituperative exploits, was the very spot where Sumner should have been made to suffer for his violation of the decencies of decorous debate, and for his brutal denunciation of a venerable statesman. It was literally and entirely proper that he should be stricken down and beaten just beside the desk against which he leaned as he fulminated his filthy utterances through the Capitol. It is idle to talk of the sanctity of the Senate Chamber, since it is polluted by the presence of such fellows as Wilson and Sumner and Wade. They have desecrated it, and cannot now fly to it as to a sanctuary from the lash of vengeance.

We trust other gentlemen will follow the example of Mr. Brooks, that so a curb may be imposed upon the truculence and audacity of Abolition speakers. If need be, let us have a caning or cowhiding every day. If the worse come to the worse, so much the sooner so much the better.

ANOTHER MEETING IN SOUTH CAROLINA.

A public meeting of the citizens of Fairfield was held, on Tuesday night, 27th ult., to approve the conduct of the Hon. Preston S. Brooks, in administering to Charles Sumner, of Massachusetts, a wholesome and richly merited castigation.

On motion of Mr. G. H. McMaster, James M. Rutland, Esq., was called to the chair, and S. R. Stirling appointed Secretary.

The object of the meeting being briefly stated by Franklin Gaillard, James R. Aiken, Esq., offered the following preamble and resolutions, which he handsomely sustained by remarks adapted to the occasion:

Whereas the citizens of the slaveholding States have for many years practically submitted to the most aggravated expressions of insolence and abuse from citizens of the Northern States, as disseminated not only from the press, but also from the pulpit and the forum, and whereas a tame and quiet submission to such limited conceptions of truth, justice and equity, only tend to degrade the South from her high position and deprive her of those constitutional rights which she has ever maintained at any and every sacrifice—

1. Resolved, That it is the opinion of this meeting that our Senators and Representatives in Congress should be sustained in every effort to protect the character of the State, and in any emergency to demand for their constituents "a perfect equality in the Union or independence out of it."

2. That, as citizens of the South, and of South Carolina, we read, in Senator Sumner's late speech, with profound indignation, the disgrace inflicted upon the Senate, the insult offered to the Constitution and to the whole country, by its unjustified and calumnious imputations upon distinguished Senators, among them South Carolina's venerable representative, Judge A. P. Butler; and lastly, its violent invectives, cast with rankling malice, against the honour of a State that has never failed in the discharge of any constitutional duty.

3. That we most heartily approve the practical enforcement of respect for the motives of Southern men and Southern States, in the chastisement inflicted upon the champion of black republicanism by the Hon. P. S. Brooks, and that we hereby tender to Mr. Brooks our cordial approbation of his gallantry, and express our indignation at the spirit manifested, not only by abolition orators and papers, but by the public meetings in Northern cities, which have undertaken to denounce his course on the above occasion.

4. That a special delegate be sent to Washington to carry a copy of these proceedings.

5. That the Secretary be requested to forward by him a copy to each of our delegates in Congress.

The meeting was addressed by Gen. John Buchanan and Major James H. Rion.

From The South Side Democrat, May 24.

The telegraph has recently announced no information more grateful to our feelings than the *classical* caning which this outrageous Abolitionist received, on Thursday, at the hands of the chivalrous Brooks of South Carolina. It is enough for *gentlemen* to bear to be compelled to associate with such a character as Sumner, and to be bored with the stupid and arrogant dogmas with which his harangues invariably abound; but when, in gross violation of Senatorial courtesy and in defiance of public opinion, the unscrupulous Abolitionist undertakes to heap upon the head of a venerable Senator a vulgar tirade of abuse and calumny, no punishment is adequate to a proper restraint of his insolence but a deliberate, cool, dignified and *classical* caning. The only regret we have is that the chastisement was not postponed until Sumner had left the Senate. The Senate Chamber would have been prevented from being the scene of such an exhibition, and the cowardly Abolitionist would have been favoured with an opportunity, of which there can be no doubt he would have availed himself, to make his escape.

From The Baltimore Republican, May 24.

THE FLOGGING OF A DEMAGOGUE.—Not a few tender-footed people of our city have professed fears of great excitement at the North, growing out of the deserved chastisement of a foul-mouthed demagogue. These forget that the disposition to resent bestial insult and wrong is not less prevalent at the North than in our own latitude. The spirited men of the North, who have long sickened into loathing with inflictions of abolition vituperation, will fail to see, in the circumstances attending the flogging of a preëminent blackguard, much to distinguish it from the usual cases of personal retribution. Indeed, they have ever been amazed at the degree of personal consideration which has been extended to red-handed foes of the South by those whose personal characters are so ruthlessly assailed. To this they justly attribute much of the consequence which fanaticism has reached in the free States. The remedy is obvious, and should be promptly administered. Beyond respectful official recognition, non-intercourse with Abolitionists—the practice of Mr. Calhoun—should be adopted. No greater service to the Northern supporters of the Constitution and the Union could possibly be done. It was to be expected that an attempt would be essayed by the Abolitionists to make political capital out of the transaction. Doubtless the flagellation was tamely received for the same reason. But there is nothing in the public tone that looks to serious consequences, while a large portion of the press of the North set the provocation fully before the people.

The *South Carolina Times* (State paper), of the 27th ult., holds the following language in relation to the late attack on Mr. Sumner:

"Up to the 22d of May, A.D. 1856, none have been found willing to step forward, as Carolinians, in defence of the character of Southern men or the institutions of the South, but the Hon. Preston S. Brooks. He, on that memorable day, rallying none to his support, confronted, in the Senate Chamber, the unprincipled Abolitionist and rowdy, Charles Sumner, of Massachusetts, and rewarded him for his dastardly libel upon Senator Butler, and slander of the people of the South. Col. Brooks has the honour of being the first man who dared to carry out his declaration that he was ready to commence the war in Washington, in the halls of Congress.

"But one other of the South Carolina delegation was present—the Hon. L. M. Keitt, who, we believe, held himself ready to act, if needed, at every hazard. Where was Colonel Boyce and General McQueen on that occasion? We regard them reliable men in time of need, and it is to be hoped that they too are ready to defend the character of their State and the honour of her Senators.

"Colonel Brooks has done nothing that South Carolinians ought to be ashamed of. He has boldly stepped forward, at the risk of his life, ease and social relation, in defence of the chivalrous Butler, and we know that there will be found but one sentiment among the people of South Carolina, which is 'well done, thou good and faithful servant."

Speaking of the action that Congress will probably take in the matter, the *Times* continues in this wise:

"We opine that in the case now before that honourable body! (God save the mark) they will be in favour of inflicting upon Colonel Brooks as severe a punishment as it is in their power to administer. Should he be expelled, his constituency ought to rally, every man of them, and return him by a larger vote than has ever been polled in this district, and we are confident they will do it, not only as a compliment to Colonel Brooks, but to teach the people who send abusive Abolitionists to represent them in Congress that there is at least one man from South Carolina among them willing and able and always ready to enforce a due respect to the character and rights of Southern men."

The following resolution was passed at a late meeting of the citizens of Newberry (Brooks's district):

"Be it unanimously resolved, That this meeting approves the conduct of the Hon. P. S. Brooks in the premises, and that it recommends that meetings be held, on the first Monday in June next, in the various districts constituting this Congressional district, to express the approbation which we are sure his constituents generally will accord to him."

Selections.

From The Liberator.

SPEECH OF WENDELL PHILLIPS, ESQ.,

At the New England Anti-Slavery Convention, Tuesday Afternoon, May 27, 1856.

MR. CHAIRMAN: The last speaker expressed his confidence that there was feeling and principle enough in Massachusetts to save the State in this crisis. I used to hold that faith; I do not know that I continue to hold it. I only know to day that *we* may live honest men, and find decent graves in the soil that honest men once trod. But I do not know, I do not yet believe, that there is a public sentiment about us enough to save in our day this experiment of civil government. It seems to me there is such a dense ignorance of the very first principles of constitutional liberty; such an intense indifference, such a perfect smothering of public feeling by the material interests of the Commonwealth, that I do not see how a reasonable man can indulge much hope. God reigns, and therefore slavery will go to pieces in his own good time (cheers). But whether we shall live to see it, or whether this frame of government shall ever result in the triumph of free principles, and what may be truly called constitutional government in this country, is, I think, a question of considerable doubt. Look at the present tone of public feeling in this city. The men who went to Faneuil Hall, the other night, were bayonetted there; and even that crowded hall did not hold the property and respectability of Boston. A few sprinkled the mass; but the wealth, the fashion, what calls itself the intellect, the governing element in Boston, the few scores of men that make up Boston when she is named throughout the Union, were not there (hear, hear). The mass of them do not care enough about these recent outrages to come out of their houses, or utter a word about them. Let the pettiest despot in Europe have the carriage of its ambassador overthrown in the street of an equal power, and the government of that power not atone for it, and the pettiest despot of the smallest pocket-handkerchief-sized State would recall its ambassador. The Senators of the United States are the ambassadors of sovereign States—the representatives of States by their sovereignty. Massachusetts, by her ambassador, speaks one of the noblest words she ever yet spoke in the national councils, and is struck down on the floor of Congress by a brutal ruffianism which never showed itself before North of the Ohio, and East of the Mississippi. You hear of hardly a whisper from the men of Massachusetts, of calling him and Mr. Wilson home. We send home Mr. Crampton for a violation of etiquette; we talk of calling the French Government to account for not allowing our military commission to see their fortifications; we nearly fell into a war with Spain for an insult to that maddest of all Don Quixotes, Mr. Soulé. By the way, in my opinion, the noble Don is much wronged by these comparisons of Butler and others to him. But when the ambassador of Massachusetts is beaten in his seat, in the discharge of his duty, where is the sovereignty of Massachusetts? Nobody thinks of it.

I do not look upon this thing as an anti-slavery matter merely. The primal principle of constitutional liberty, where is it? You all know, that on the floor of a legislative assembly, a man may speak words that would subject him to indictment, if spoken elsewhere, and he cannot be touched—it is a sacred spot. You would fancy, if you listened to the criticisms of some presses on that speech, that Mr. Sumner was bound, on the floor of the Senate, by the etiquette of the drawing-room. They do not seem to recollect, that by a liberty we have wrought out by a struggle of ten hundred years, he was permitted to criticise and arraign individual character, and everything else, by the privilege of his place. Nobody dreams of it. We talk about it as if it was a matter between individuals. I say, this ignorance is the first thing that strikes me. These men do not know enough to be freemen. When Waddy Thompson told John Quincy Adams, that if he uttered in South Carolina what he had just said in the House of Representatives at Washington, he would be indicted, what said the old sage? "Go back to South Carolina, and get somebody to teach you the first principles of constitutional law." And when Mr. Thompson repeated the assertion, Mr. Adams replied—"Thank God, then, I was not born in South Carolina!" And when Mr. Pickens, anxious for the honour of his State, followed Mr. Thompson, and said it was not so, that South Carolina had no such law, "It is a matter of no sort of consequence," said Adams, with a beautifully insolent indifference, "whether she has or not" (applause). He knew enough to know, that written on the front of all constitutional history was the right of any man, standing inside of a deliberative assembly, to say *anything*. Ignorance is the first element of my complaint, at this time, and consummate indifference is the other.

Men say, "O, it is only one man beaten, it is only one ruffian more added to the catalogue." I know it. It was only meddling with a tea-cup that made the Revolution—a mere trifle! John Hancock did not think so—Sam Adams did not think so. My friend Mr. Foss thinks slavery has not left us any worse than we were. I should like to take a lantern, and go through the streets of Boston, like the old philosopher, and try to find something that looks like Sam Adams, now when the Massachusetts Senator has been beaten down in his seat, and men living on her soil find apologies for the deed. Not changed us! Why, when a Constitution was arranged, a Convention was sitting in a neighbouring hall that passed the statute of 1787, and consecrated to liberty *all* the territories of the United States. That was the touchstone of public sentiment in 1787. The babe "Constitution" is to be baptized; the fount is water, and the name is "Liberty." Thirty odd years rolled away; we arrive at a great struggle in the midst of the next generation—the Missouri Compromise question is to be decided. How strong is slavery now? What are her pretensions? How strong is the opposition? After two years of what was really a gallant fight, that stirred the Northern mind to its depths, all that the North could save was the *Northern half*. Otis, the old Federalist, the Republicans, the Democrats, the men who, whether sincere or not, fought as if they were sincere, fought well for twenty-four months, and all they could save, with the public opinion of the North behind them, was one *half*. That was what slavery had done up to 1819. She had pressed up from the Gulf, until she placed her foot upon the Northern summit of Missouri, and claimed to stand there. Beaten back, utterly foiled, the North yielded in sullen reluctance. Thirty more years rolled on. My friend thinks anti-slavery grew stronger. Slavery has passed that limit. She has planted her victorious standard amid the blood and ashes of Lawrence, and to-day the demon babe you call the Union is baptized in blood, and her name is—"Slave!" (Cheers.) Far North as the stars and stripes can wave, the slave goes in the hands of his master. This is where we are to-day—*all national territory open to slavery!* Such is the work of slavery in sixty years.

Anti-slavery as strong as in 1787? Where are the men, the Northerners, the Southerners, that voted for the statute of 1787? If it had merely gained *territory*, I would not bate one jot or tittle of hope. *Land!* we could clutch it back again; it is the *hearts* she has eaten out. There are no men, or but very few, left in Massachusetts. When Massachusetts rose up to make that feeblest of all feeble protests made in Faneuil Hall the other night, the most marked thing about that meeting is not the milk-and-water that was there, it is the feebler milk-and-water that had not strength to come there at all. Massachusetts! why, it has almost a brother name, a synonym a twin, when you talk of civil liberty. That name is Winthrop! Where was he, when something could be done for the State whose limits his ancestor measured out and inaugurated its history? The men that dare not come—they were more significant than those who did.

Has slavery done nothing? I respond to the remark of my noble friend from Washington (Mr. Conway), that the heroism of the day is among the slaves. Your Saxon blood—it is water! We boast our pluck; we claim kindred with England, and boast the pluck of Anglo-Saxon blood. Where is it? Where will you find its type? What are we pale faces now doing for liberty, comparable with this race we look down upon, and say could never have been free? I could show you a man in the streets of Boston, who draws his blood from noble and truth-speaking men, on whose heart has been accumulated all the culture of college and church, who has drunk deep of the fountains of classic inspiration, and whom Massachusetts delights to honour. He is a Saxon, every atom, whether you call him Winthrop or Everett; yet he does not dare to show he has got a soul. He is a Saxon, and boasts the blood of a brave race, that tramples down all others in its haughty defiance of all blood but its own. Do not say he is an exception. He is a type of thousands in this Commonwealth. But I can also show you a man of that despised race that you call so feeble and timid, who placed himself, crouched into smallest possible dimensions, by a wooden partition, and said to a carpenter, "Draw a chalk line around me, and frame me a box of the same size?" and the trembling hand of the workman could hardly hold the chalk by which he was to measure a living grave. And when it was completed, he was placed inside of it, with no room to move, with no air to breathe, and so was carried five hundred miles, in the desperate risk for liberty! (Loud cheers.) Where is heroism to-day? in the sons of the college and the pulpit, or in Box Brown, whose courage God wrote on his heart, when he inspired him with that sublime venture for liberty or death? Milk Street did not dare go down to Faneuil Hall, for fear grass would grow on the pavement; but you can go down to a store in another part of the city, and see a man belonging to this same despised race, who, when a fugitive asked shelter beneath his roof, took him in. It was not much; only a few thousand dollars, only the earnings of a short life of liberty, only the yawning prison, only starvation before him. Milk Street cowers, with its hundreds of thousands and its half millions, at the distant possibility of loss; but the black man took his brother in, put him into his room, locked the door, and forty-eight hours, the police, the *white* police of Boston, howled around him—howled, thank God, in vain; he is in Canada (loud cheers). When you talk of the heroism of the Anglo-Saxon, and the want of courage in the black man, match these two among the merchants and statesmen of Boston!

I say, the heroism of the present hour is not in our race; if it had been, Lawrence had not been in ashes to-day. I do not blame the men of Lawrence; I believe they had hearts as well as rifles. It was the political timidity at Washington that bade them bury their rifles and submit, rather than risk an unmanageable element in the next Presidential canvass. Yes, as my friend said, if the angel Gabriel were made Governor to-day, he would fold his wings and intrigue for the Presidency to-morrow (cheers). It was the timidity of a political calculation of chances that made the emigrants from the North lay down their arms under the walls of Lawrence. I do not believe it was want of courage. But when they laid them down, when slavery put its foot on that last effort to defend the right of liberty for the territories, it seems to me she sealed, as my friend Conway thinks, the fate of the Union. Our purpose, our policy, ought to be, from this time forth, to deny the existence of constitutional government in this country (loud applause). It is a magnificent conspiracy against justice. It is the plot of the assassins—it is not a government. It is a cheat—not a government. The only thing that Massachusetts has to do today, it seems to me, is to call home our delegates and Senators, and wait. If Mr. Toombs and Mr. Pierce, and the other men who stood by and saw a brother Senator beaten almost to death without lifting a hand in his defence, and endorsed it, are fit to sit in that "Chamber of Assassins," we ought not to have a Massachusetts man infamous enough to sit there with them (loud cheers).

There are but two words to be uttered at our meeting to-day—one is "Kansas," the other, "Sumner." They embrace the whole subject, they cover the whole ground. In the significance of these two facts is wrapped up the whole anti-slavery cause at the present moment. I cannot stop to criticise Mr. Sumner. I only wish that the gallantry of the North would write his name to-day on their Presidential banner, carry it, and see how much of a North it would create in the next Presidential contest. There would be almost a principle in that; or, if not a principle, there would be at least a *man* (loud cheers). But Mr. Fremont—what claim has he upon the friends of freedom? Our friend, Theodore Parker, says very truly, he has got a good wife. Well, if all of us who have good wives are to be put up for President, there will be a great many candidates (laughter). We used to hear of the goodness of Judge McLean's wife, and he made more pro-slavery law on the bench than all the pro-slavery judges put together, in spite of his wife. And now Mr. Giddings says he is ready to write on his banner even the name of McLean! At least, he said so while there was a Kansas; but now she is gone, he may rise to a higher thought, and be unwilling to struggle for a broken reed.

There are but two things, Mr. Chairman, for us now to do. If Massachusetts chooses to walk on her downward way, we can be honest men at least; we can live and die rebellious slaves, at least. We can at least perpetuate a protest. Small as we are, we are large enough for a link in the great chain of individual protests against wrong. In history, Mr. President, before the struggle for liberty spreads out into the greatness of a Huss or a Luther, you trace it in the small trickling rill of Switzerland and the South of France, back to the first ages of Christianity. So, hereafter, in happier days than ours, when Massachusetts exists again, when nobler sons than these who use the sacred soil of the Puritans only to make money, who doubtless regret that the very rock of Plymouth was not gold, that they could coin it into guineas, when they are gone, and a better race stand in their place, they will be glad to trace back to the Pilgrims, through us, the line that connects them in an ever-living protest against the tyranny of an infamous State. That is one thing we can do. Do no belittle it. It is a great thing to do, to keep alive a protest. It is a great thing to be allowed to stand and wait. It is a great thing to-day—I put it to you, Disunionists, is it not?—is it not a great thing to be able to lay your hands on your hearts, and believe that while other men have mistaken the time, turned to politics or to compromise, we, at least, have seen the end from the beginning, and been aware that this Union never was to be saved, that Liberty would never be safe till the Union was broken to pieces?

There is another thing we can do, every one of us. We can stir up Massachusetts to a state of public opinion that shall call back our delegation from the halls of Congress. This is the first thing for us to do. It is the direct legal etiquette of our position. What of these idlers that nobody hears from? Mr. Chairman, who are the Massachusetts delegation in the House of Representatives? Mr. Campbell, of Ohio, moves to excel Brooks, somebody else seconds him, others take part in the debate. There is not a Massachusetts man heard. So far as I have watched the debates, there has not a Massachusetts man been heard except Mr. Wilson, and everybody knows he would be found in the right place (loud applause). I sympathize with Henry Wilson. My heart is sad for him to-day, as I know his heart is sad. O, if this Brooks had only not known him so well! (Applause.) If he had only suspected him to be a non-resistant for five minutes! (Renewed cheers.) How readily would Wilson have given ten years of common life to have been five minutes longer in that Senate Chamber! I sympathize with him—so do you (applause). His voice was heard; heard so that we could all say Amen to it. But where were the rest of the delegation? Where was the man who makes Faneuil Hall ring with his anti-slavery eloquence? I should like to hear the rustling skirts of Burlingame, as he shakes them against the contact of miscreant Brooks (great cheering). What is the eloquence that flashes only in the calm air of yonder venerable hall, and holds its peace in the hot electrical atmosphere of the Capitol? Call them home, if only for decency's sake (cheers). We will not blame silence yet, but I am am anxious to let them know that our ears wait. Call them home, if only to recognise that there is a Massachusetts. Mr. Phelps said the other night at Faneuil Hall, "We will prove that there is a Massachusetts as well as a Federal Government." Do it! How? Do it as the Emperor of the French would, if you insulted his ambassador; as England would if you insulted hers. Do it as the petty governments of Italy or Germany would. Call them home. Keep them here until proper apologies are made. Their votes are not needed. The best speech any one of them will ever make will be when he returns to the Massachusetts Legislature, and says—"Mr. President, we are here, because, *at present*, there is nothing for us to do at Washington!" How soon do you suppose the telegraph would follow them with a vote expelling Brooks? Just as soon as electricity could bring it. How soon, if that were not the case, and they stayed here six months, would *some* effort be made towards the final settlement of the slave question, or for the dissolution of the Union? I acknowledge that the moment you put that dividing wedge between the Union of the States, the moment you dig out from its forgotten armory this weapon of the sovereignty of the States, the moment Massachusetts plants herself where South Carolina once planted herself, she checkmates the Union—it risks the fabric. It better be risked in the day when ten slave States shall be added to the Union by a single law.

What we need to-day is to create this public sentiment. The clergymen at Springfield say—what do you suppose they say? The Othodox clergy of the valley of the Connecticut, the gods of the river are together, Olympus nods, and what is the verdict? "*The assault was totally uncalled for!*" (Laughter.) Why, the Washington *Intelligencer* did better than that, for it said it was "a painful occurrence." That is the stiff-necked Puritanism of Massachusetts! Those are the old "rural districts," which have not been corrupted by the gold of commerce. These are the men so far removed from a Curtis that they do not even know him by sight. They have grown up in primitive innocence of slave shackles, never looking on a fugitive slave except when he lived where he chose to live. They have just so much anti-slavery as that; just so much understanding of the crisis in which we are placed! What you want is to take such men and send them to school. The revolution is on them, but they do not know it. Liberty may be gone for a century before you wake up to know it is gone. There are men down in State street who will be in their graves a century before their sons, if they be like them, will know that liberty is gone. I know it is but a slight thing—it does not take but a square in the newspaper; but it is the wreck of constitutional liberty. If Massachusetts stands the events of this week, there is nothing she will not stand. You may take Bunker Hill down stone by stone—you may throw even the *Daily Advertiser* into the dock—you may sell slaves in State street, if Massachusetts can submit to what is done to-day. If public opinion, with uncontrollable impulse, does not shut its eyes to what Mr. Sumner said, and assert, "We don't care what he said," insisting that the man who has violated the very heart of Massachusetts shall no longer enter the Capitol, she will submit to anything. I know South Carolina would send him back in twenty-four hours. The State that exiled Mr. Hoar by statute, that actually kicked the Commonwealth out of her limits by an enacted law, knows how hitherto she has been able to treat Massachusetts. This is no beginning. She buys us, she wheedles us, or she whips us, one or the other, always. In years gone by, we never had men at Washington brave and true enough to speak the truth; now we have got the men there, but they speak at the risk of assassination. That is the Union! South Carolina says to us, practically, "Send me Everett—a moon, that reflects myself (cheers). Send me Webster, that crawls at the dictate of some Southern caucus" (cheers, and some hisses). O, there is no use in hissing! Go to Faneuil Hall, and as you look down on the five thousand impatient men that feel the crisis, but know not what to do, look upon the platform, and behind it see Mephistophiles!—see that pictured brow that betrayed Massachusetts—that lowers still over Faneuil Hall—haunts it, like a perturbed spirit. I hope to live to see the day when there shall be fanaticism enough in Boston to tear that picture away (loud cheers). I do not care much for office, but I would like to be Mayor for one hour, just to give back to revolutionary dignity the inside of Faneuil Hall (great applause). It is that that has really betrayed us. Evils do not come out of the dust: they have a root. It is in the long past ignorance and servility, and trafficking for office, that have worn away the religion and the virtue of the Commonwealth, that have taught us the bitter lesson of compromising principle for some imaginary gain; to compromise a principle for what?—to be cheated the next hour by the devil (cheers).

Mr. Chairman, the first thing we have to do, in order to create a Massachusetts, is this: Teach ourselves, and every man about us, that we are not to compromise one single inch, no matter for what. If we could grrasp the very Union itself, we are not to take it at the cost of any sacrifice of principle. Our fathers tried it, and here is the result—in the shipwreck, almost, if not entirely, of constitutional government; in the gradual approach of barbarism. Wilberforce had a tongue pointed with such satire that Pitt, when he once witnessed a single exhibition of it, said to him, "Sir, I thought you a Christian before, but I never knew how much a Christian; that you could boast such a lightning bolt of satire, and use it so seldom." Yet he carried all that power of satire into the British Parliament. Can you suppose it possible that any member of the House of Commons would have been allowed to beat him in his seat? Suppose that some lordling had assaulted Palmerston in Parliament, for words spoken in debate. Can you image the thing possible? I do not claim it as any superior virtue in England, but they are not, at least, as barbarous as we are. We have dropped down to the level of a ruffian civilization. I would have had all Massachusetts aghast at this outrage. She ought to have been so, merely as the child of American civilization. What say you? Some of you—thank God, I was not of the number—sat and heard a lecture from Mr. Toombs, who stood by and saw a brother Senator brutally whipped, and said it was right. An excellent man to lecture to the Boston public! Perhaps he will be invited again!

I want to impress upon you the loss of civilization which this marks. We have degenerated. It is no longer enlightened and civilized Washington, as thirty years ago. Aged and venerable men, conservative by wealth and position, say: "We must send men to Congress who can fight; no matter for their principles, if they can fight." What a satire on the freest government in the world! Where is that "reading, thinking, law-abiding people," of whom Webster was wont to boast? Is this, then, their experiment of self-government? Representatives taken from shooting galleries and duelling grounds, instead of courts, colleges and the marts of commerce. I want you to look at this single scene in the Senate Chamber, in all its varied lights. We must tear away, for awhile, even the sympathy for the man whose gallant and glorious person has been so often before us, and on whose lips we have hung, delighted with an eloquence that is seldom matched, and forget for a moment that his honoured head was the victim of this brutal assault, and look beneath the fact to the significance of it. It is a hard thing to be tied, and have men spit in our faces. That is what we leave our delegation to, if we allow them to remain in Washington, with the public opinion now in Massachusetts. Let us change it, if possible. The Legislature has done one thing—the scars and blows of Sumner have saved us the Personal Liberty Bill (loud cheers). His laurels for that single indirect gain shall be so thick that the scars shall never be visible (renewed applause). The credit of the Commonwealth is enough to compensate him for having passed through such a scene, if it only save us that statute. There is a further thing for us to do. That statute is worthless, without judges to execute it. We must create a judiciary that shall be ready to enforce it.

My friends, the anti-slavery cause is not sympathy; it is a clear, sagacious, intelligent estimate of the fabric and material of the government about us. We must fathom it constantly, if we expect to affect public opinion. We have to keep this idea before the people. I know that we do not seem to gain a great deal. The wave moves slowly. Like the shadow on the dial, you cannot see it move, but it gets to be twelve o'clock at last (cheers). In fact, our cause is only one of the phases of the great struggle of the nineteenth century—Ideas against Property. It has never triumphed in Europe; I am not sure that it will beat here. I am by no means positive of it. The wealth that bought up the Revolution smothered it. Yes, when Alexander Hamilton funded the national debt, and by statute plans doubled the wealth of thirteen States, he bribed the ideas of '76 into silence. That is what overlays us. They are struggling against it in Europe. That Juggernaut of infamy, the French Emperor, is one half an incarnate merchant, and the rest a juggling priest. The Slave Power echoes back to him, like Jura to the Alps, from this country. Ideas have been struggling against wealth in Europe ever since Naseby, and that is the struggle here. How long it will last I cannot tell; but, as our friend Conway said, the remedy is to be men; each individual to be a *man*; asserting his conscience, trampling on statutes, defying governments; asserting, in the face of all purses and pulpits, the unapproachable virtue of that sublime rebuke of individual and national sins, such as makes the eloquence of Mr. Sumner's speech almost unequalled. Call it not harsh language, or personality; it is the eternal protest of virtue, in her strongest and most emphatic pulses, against vice, wherever she meets it (loud cheers); and you must annihilate the heart, as well as the intellect, you must blot out all parliamentary history, before you criticise the unfaltering devotion, the fearless rebuke of individual sin, which make that speech what it is. Our resolution says truly of it, "it is a speech worth dying for." The blood that has been shed for it will baptize it on the page of history. I read it with envious approbation. "Endorse it?" the recreant press asks. Yes, more than that: it would be hard to ask for our dearest friend a nobler part than to have been inspired to speak just what our Senator has spoken.

A SLAVE MADE FREE IN PLYMOUTH CHURCH.

THERE was never a more thrilling exemplification of Gospel principles than last Sabbath morning, June 1, in Rev. Henry Ward Beecher's church, Brooklyn. Mr. Beecher preached from Luke 10: 27: "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy strength; and thy neighbour as thyself." He said that in these words the vail was drawn away from the heart of God, and we saw its very centre secret, and he dwelt upon the necessity of the union of piety and philanthropy, and of love, as the crowning grace and golden atmosphere of all. Just after announcing the last hymn he stepped to the side of the platform and said, "I am about to do a thing which I am not wont to do; which I have never done before upon this day, and in order that you may have no scruples about it, I will preface it by reading what the Lord Jesus Christ says of the Sabbath and its duties.

"'And behold there was a man which had his hand withered. And they asked him saying, Is it lawful to heal on the Sabbath day, that they might accuse him. And he said unto them, What man shall there be among you, that shall have one sheep, and if it fall into a pit on the Sabbath day will he not lay hold on it and lift it out? How much then is a man better than a sheep? Wherefore it is lawful to do well on the Sabbath day. Then saith he to the man, Stretch forth thine hand. And he stretched it forth, and it was restored whole, like as the other.'

"Some two weeks since, I had a letter from Washington informing me that a young woman had been sold by her own father to go South, for what purposes you can imagine when you see her. She was purchased by a slavetrader for $1,200, and he, knowing her previous character and the circumstances of the case, was so moved with compassion that he offered to give her an opportunity to purchase her freedom. He himself gave towards it $100, and persuaded a friend and another slavetrader to give each $100 more. So much of good is there in the lowest of men! He allowed her to go to Washington to solicit aid from the Free State men there, and she succeeded in obtaining $400. I was then applied to, to know if we would do anything to raise the remaining $500. I answered that we would do nothing unless the woman could come here. After much hesitation on the part of her master, she was allowed to visit New York, giving her word of honour that she would return to Richmond if the money was not raised;" and going to the platform stairs—"Come up here, Sarah, and let us all see you," said he. A young woman rose from an adjacent seat, and, ascending the steps, sank down embarrassed and apparently overcome by her feelings, in the nearest chair. She was of medium size and neatly dressed. The white blood of her father might be traced in her regular features and high, thoughtful brow, while her complexion and wavy hair betrayed her slave mother.

"And this," continued Mr. Beecher, "is a marketable commodity. Such as she are put into one balance and silver into the other. She is now legally free, but she is bound by a moral obligation which is stronger than any [illegible] woman. For the sake of the love I bore my mother, I hold her sacred, even in the lowest position, and will use every means in my power for her uplifting. What will you do now? May she read her liberty in your eyes? Shall she go out free? Christ stretched forth his hand and the sick were restored to health; will you stretch forth your hand and give her that without which life is of little worth? Let the plate be passed, and we will see." There was hardly a dry eye in the church; and amidst tears and earnest lookings at the poor woman, who sat with downcast eyes, the plates went round. Every purse was in requisition, and as the bills were thrown down, Mr. Beecher said: I see the plates are heaping up. Remember that every dollar you give is the step of a weary pilgrim towards liberty, and that Christ has said, 'Inasmuch as ye did it to one of the least of these, ye did it unto me.'" At this Mr. Lewis Tappan rose, and said there need be no anxiety about the matter; some gentlemen had just now pledged themselves to make up the deficiency, whatever it might be. Then she was free! And when Mr. Beecher told her so, and announced it to the great congregation, there was an involuntary burst of applause. It was in the church, upon the Sabbath day, but it was no desecration—rather it was echoed by richer acclaim in heaven! As it subsided, Mr. Beecher said: "When the old Jews went up to their solemn feasts, they made the mountains round about Jerusalem ring with their shouts. I do not approve of an unholy clapping in the house of God, but when a good deed is well done, it is not wrong to give an outward expression of our joy."

And the poor sorrowful one, for whom was all this, what thought she? Winter and Spring were both gone, and it was the first day of Summer. The sky was blue, and in at the window fell the golden sunlight and stole the soft air, bearing the music of bird notes and rustling leaves. But O, how much brighter in her soul must have been the first summer day of liberty, after the long winter of oppression! As she sat there, bathed in tears, she must have felt that in so far as a moment of rapture can repay one for years of trial, she was recompensed.

Mr. Beecher now read the closing hymn, saying as he handed her the book, "We shall sing this hymn as we never sung a hymn before, and she will sing it too." This it was:

"Do not I love Thee, O my Lord?
Behold my heart and see;
And turn the dearest idol out
That dares to rival Thee.

"Is not thy name melodious still
To mine attentive ear?
Doth not each pulse with pleasure bound
My Saviour's voice to hear?

"Hast Thou a lamb in all Thy flock
I would disdain to feed?
Hast Thou a foe before whose face
I fear thy cause to plead?

"Would not my heart pour forth its blood
In honour of Thy name?
And challenge the cold hand of death
To damp the immortal flame?

"Thou knowest I love Thee, dearest Lord,
But oh! I long to soar
Far from the sphere of mortal joys,
And learn to love Thee more."

It was doubtless sung with greater unanimity of feeling than any hymn ever was in the church before, and though she was too deeply moved to give any vocal expression to her joy, there must have been in her heart melody that was sweet to the ear of God!

The blessing was pronounced, and the meeting was over; but many lingered to know the amount of the contribution, and when it was found that $783 had been raised, so that not only she, but her child of two years old could be redeemed, the applause burst forth anew. In the plates were several articles of jewelry, thrown in by those who had no money with them, or were unable to give anything else.

Thus may Plymouth Church be consecrated! Verily "it is lawful to do good on the Sabbath day." DEAN.

Brooklyn, June 2, 1856. —*Independent.*

REMARKS OF MR. R. W. EMERSON,

At a meeting in Concord, on the 26th of May, to consider the outrage upon Mr. Sumner.

MR. CHAIRMAN: I sympathize heartily with the spirit of the

help forward a mission thus doubly blest? Dr. Nehemiah Adams, in his office of mediator between the North and South, fitly wound up the charm. He rejoiced in the effect of this work in softening sectional animosities. "The South was jealous of the Home Missionary Society, lest its agents were the emissaries of evil. But this Society was pledged to be in coincidence with the Christian feeling of the Southern brethren, proffering help, apart from interference. He looked upon it as the olive branch brought by the dove, telling of the subsidence of the Flood." We agree in the sentiment, and, more than that, we look upon the Doctor as the dove that brought it. But how different the reception of our messenger-bird of innocence and peace from that of the days of the Flood! Is there any reason to believe that Noah plucked and roasted the "lovely carrier of the skies" that brought him healing on its wings? Surely not? But ours, within three days after this gentle cooing, was roughly seized, stripped of its downy plumage, and, after being barbarously roasted, was kicked out of the Tract Society into the street! And we talk of the age of martyrdom being past! We submit that it behooves the Southern Christians, rather, to organize a Society for the conversion of these Northern barbarians.

THE REPUBLICAN PARTY.

From The Liberator.

My Dear Garrison: I felt moved to say a few words in the Convention, last week, but as the platform was constantly occupied by others, I send you enclosed what I should have uttered. Will you give these words a place in this week's *Liberator*, and oblige,

Very sincerely, your friend,

Chas. F. Hovey.

Pope, I think it is, says, "Honest and ingenuous minds are sure of each other—the tie is mutual and solid."

Mr. President, there are no two persons on earth of whom I feel more sure than I do of S. S. Foster and W. L. Garrison; and so long as I feel thus sure of their disinterestedness and honesty, neither of them can provoke my indignation. I reserve all that for the wily priest, and double-dealing, intriguing politician. Garrison and Foster may move my grief and sorrow, but not my indignation. You all remember the fact of a member of parliament who had no speech to make but "Ditto to Mr. Burke"; so I have little to say but ditto to the speeches of Stephen S. and Abby K. Foster; neither would have been correct without the other. Taken together, I never heard anything in the way of true eloquence to surpass them.

Mr. Chairman, now about eleven years ago, amidst the excitement caused by the annexation of Texas, I was myself snatched "as a brand from the burning," out of the hell of partisanship and support of the American Constitution and Union. This inestimable good I owe to the plain speaking on this platform. Mr. Garrison says that the Republicans are our own progeny, and we must not quarrel with them. I do not agree to this. I think that, until they take our ground, it is our duty to cry aloud and spare not, and to seize all occasions like the present, when the public mind is awakened, to make the people see the right path, and walk therein; and more than ever should we be personal, and should call in tones of thunder upon Sumner, Wilson, Giddings and Hale to desist from their support of that "covenant with death, and agreement with hell," the United States Constitution. If Charles Sumner has any true friends, Stephen S. and Abby K. Foster are preëminently among the truest. It was stated here by Theodore Parker, as complimentary to Mr. Sumner, that he subscribed for *The Liberator* some three months before Wendell Phillips. Allow me to say, Mr. Chairman, that I consider this fact in no way to the credit of Mr. Sumner. Why, six numbers of *The Liberator* and one New England Convention convicted and converted me, since which, I have not contaminated my hand with a ballot; and certainly, when the culture of Mr. Sumner is considered, if I were thus converted, one number of *The Liberator* should have sufficed to convert him.

Mr. Chairman, how can we expect to reach the masses, so much below Mr. Sumner in attainments and natural gifts, unless we at all times make our censures of him prominent, clear and personal? I have nothing more to say, and will, therefore, take my seat, merely adding, however, that I approve Mr. Foster's resolution, and hope it may be approved by this Convention.

Remarks.—The difference between us and our vigilant friends is simply one of opinion, not of principle: it is as to the relative position of the Republican party to our movement, not to its positive abolitionism. In speaking of that party, in the Convention, as the product of our moral anti-slavery agitation, and saying we must not quarrel with an inevitable result—cheering as a sign of progress, and as sure as the law of gravitation—we used language in a comprehensive and philosophical, not in a technical or restricted sense; not meaning that we were to assess rebuking that party for its support of a blood-stained compact (for are we not constantly rebuking it?), but only that it embodies nearly all the *voting* anti-slavery at the North—is zealously (though vainly) attempting to prevent the further extension of slavery—and as compared with the other parties, is certainly feared and most fiercely proscribed by the slave oligarchy—hence, we do not believe that, because it is nearest the true standard, it is, therefore, the most dangerous party to our cause, and ought to be the most severely condemned. Such a charge is, in our opinion, not only unjust but preposterous. "Credit to whom credit is due," even if it be only an infinitessimal portion.—[Ed. Lib.

NOBLE TESTIMONY OF THE COVENANTERS.

[Our friend, the Rev. N. R. Johnston, sends us the following resolutions, which were unanimously passed by the Reformed Presbyterian Synod (Old Light), last week, in Philadelphia.]

Whereas, It is the office and the imperative duty of the Church and witnesses of Christ, to present an open and faithful testimony against all sin—especially against public and flagrant violations of the law of God, and infringements of the rights of man; and this the more, when these sins are cherished or countenanced by the professed followers of Christ and by the constitutions, laws and governments of the nations; and,

Whereas, The system of American slavery is and has been largely so cherished and countenanced, and has, in consequence, acquired new vigour, manifests unparalleled audacity, sets up pretensions and claims hitherto unheard of, even in this land—among these the possession of large portions of national territory heretofore declared free soil, and asserting those claims with the most reckless disregard of the common principles of liberty, even of those which have been, until of late, recognised and avowed in the public policy of the country; therefore,

Resolved, 1. That this Synod reiterates its testimony against American slavery as a system which had its origin in violence, robbery and blood—in selfishness and cupidity, and has been perpetuated in the the same unholy spirit, and by the same unholy means.

Resolved, 2. That slaveholding is a sin against God for which there is no apology—a violation of his law written in the heart of man and revealed with noon-day clearness in his word—inconsistent with the plainest injunctions of the Scriptures, which imperatively require every man to "do to others as he would that others should do to him"; which pronounce oppression and wrong to be sins of the most heinous character; and denounce against the oppressor and such as abet him in his iniquity the certain and fearful judgments of the Almighty (Jer. xxii, 13)—destructive of all the most precious rights of our common humanity; asserting, as it does, the right to hold men as property to be bought and sold as men buy and sell cattle; forbidding legal marriage—giving to the slaveholder the right to separate husband and wife, parent and child; authorizing him to take the products of the labours of the slave and appropriate them to himself as he does those of his horse or his ox; permitting him to control with arbitrary and irresponsible authority and power all that relates to the intellectual and religious culture of the slave, and, in fact, shutting out from the vast majority of its immortal but wretched victims, the light of knowledge and religion; thus not only consigning them to a life here, debased and cheerless, but covering with thick darkness their prospects of life eternal hereafter.

Resolved, 3. That American slavery is not merely an evil, but an enormous evil; not merely a sin, but a sin of the blackest and most abominable character; not merely infringing on human rights, but annihilating them; not only a moral evil, dark and dreadful, but a crime deserving to be classed with robbery and piracy, and, like them, to be held in the utmost abhorrence and detestation by the philanthropist and the Christian.

Resolved, 4. That upon slaveholders and their abettors in the Commonwealth and in the Church, this evil, and sin, and crime are justly chargeable, for they make the laws which give it being and life, administer these laws, refuse to hear rebuke, and amid the blaze of light which has been poured in on its abominations will not see, repent or reform.

Resolved, 5. That nothing but an absolute impossibility to emancipate, if such there be, can avail to rid the legal holder of slaves of his guilt in this thing. If the laws forbid emancipation, they do not forbid emigration, and better utter poverty than to live by such a system of theft as slavery involves.

Resolved, 6. That the recent scenes of violence which have occurred in the Capitol of the nation, in the halls of legislation, and in the Territory of Kansas, are but the native fruits of this iniquitous system, the natural sequel of its original and ineradicable wrong in stealing men from their own country and the perpetuating of the theft by enslaving their posterity, and while, in one view, these deeds of blood and ruffian acts are deeply to be deplored, as involving much sin and much suffering, in another, they are to be regarded as, in Providence, designed to let the nation see, if it will see, the true character of slaveholding and slaveholders, and, if they will not see, to justify the coming judgments of God.

Resolved, 7. That the Constitution of the United States is one of the strongholds of slavery. Slavery gained a foot-hold in the *compromises* of that instrument—in the three-fifths principle of representation—in the importation clause—in the provision for the return of fugitive slaves, and in the engagement among the contracting parties to use the power of the Government to repress any attempt on the part of the slaves to secure their own liberty. Having gained a foot-hold it has laboured with signal sagacity, determination and success, to elevate itself to the place in which we now see it, as the paramount object of governmental protection and regard.

Resolved, 8. That, so long as the citizens of the United States adhere to this Constitution, Christ-dishonouring and man-enslaving as it is, so long, it is to be feared, will the Slave Power continue to encroach upon the interests of liberty; and hence the only mode of keeping our skirts clear of this iniquity, and the only way to secure real and universal and scriptural liberty, is to withhold, as we have ever done, all active support from this Constitution, and to seek by all scriptural means the formation of fundamental civil arrangements, in accordance with God's word and the rights of man.

Resolved, 9. That this sin lies at the door of the churches—of all churches which admit slaveholders to occupy their pulpits—to sit at their communion tables, and enjoy the privileges of members; moreover, that no church can claim to be entirely free from this sin, which does not forbid its members to give an active support by voting, holding office, &c., to the slaveholding Constitution.

Resolved, 10. That the ministry are bound as ambassadors of Him who came to preach liberty to the captives, to exhibit the sin of slaveholding, to warn the slaveholder, to admonish him to repentance and reformation, and to testify against all constitutions, laws and enactments which favour the detestable system. Against such as refuse to do this we testify, as recreant to their trust—as deeply criminal, and as the enemies of human rights and of religious liberty.

Resolved, 11. That we would not exalt unduly even personal, civil and political liberty—we would remember that there is another liberty—freedom in Christ from guilt and wrath, from the dominion of sin, alone to be secured by the Gospel of Christ, and indispensable to the establishment and permanent enjoyment of common, civil and political freedom.

Resolved, 12. That encouraged by the growing movement in behalf of freedom, and by the fact that not a few able, eminent men, occupying important positions in the nation, are actively engaged in conflict against this evil, we will labour to bring this nation to acknowledge the whole truth of Christ—to subject itself to His sceptre, and to yield obedience to His law, in the assured hope of the speedy coming of that day, when all nations shall serve Him, and when man that is sprung of earth shall no more oppress his fellow-man.

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

WITHOUT CONCEALMENT—WITHOUT COMPROMISE.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JUNE 14, 1856.

ANTI-SLAVERY FESTIVAL AT FANEUIL HALL.

RECEPTION OF PARKER PILLSBURY.

In accordance with previous notice, a meeting was held at Faneuil Hall, Boston, on Wednesday evening, May 28, 1856, to welcome home Parker Pillsbury, after an absence from this country of two years and a half, most of which time he spent in Great Britain. Six or eight hundred persons were in attendance, the tables on the floor of the capacious hall being completely filled.

At 7 o'clock, the meeting was called to order by Wm. Lloyd Garrison, Chairman of the Committee of Arrangements, who proposed, as President of the meeting, Edmund Quincy, Esq., of Dedham, which nomination was unanimously agreed to.

Mr. Quincy, on taking the chair, spoke as follows:

Ladies and Gentlemen: I cannot say, with truth, as I said five years ago, that I appear in this place absolutely without any pre-knowledge; for I was informed last week that it was foreordained that I was to occupy this chair. I thank you none the less, however, for your kindness in elevating me to this position, which I certainly consider a very high honour. As we have heard a great deal of Parliamentary proprieties lately, and as an honourable gentleman, a beloved friend of ours, has been sacrificed to a pretended violation of Parliamentary proprieties, I feel bound to observe them strictly on this occasion, and to proceed "decently and in order," according to Parliamentary rule. I conceive, then, that the first business in order is to dispose of the matters "on the table," before we proceed to the "orders of the day" (laughter). As many of you as are in favour of now taking up for discussion the matters laid on the table, on the motion of Mr. Smith, will manifest it by saying "Aye."

The "Ayes" had it, and a very animated "discussion" ensued, which lasted for about one hour; though we cannot say that the tables were cleared, a great many matters being left totally undisposed of, owing to the profusion with which our friend Smith piled the tables by his successive "motions." The business was entered upon with great earnestness and alacrity, and appeared to be enjoyed with infinite zest.

In due time, the President rose and said:

Ladies and Gentlemen: In the mother country, from to the idea be represented; and we are here to-night, to tell him that we think so—that we honour him for what he has done, that we love him for what he has suffered, and that we welcome him here with open arms and expanding hearts (great applause).

I hardly know, my friends, whether I ought to welcome Mr. Pillsbury home just now; whether he will consider it a compliment to be welcomed to these shores, coming from a respectable country (laughter)—coming from an empire where every inhabitant is protected in his rights in every part of that empire; where, if the abstractions of right may not be so absolutely and fully conceded *on paper*, as ours are, yet the absolute possession of rights is much greater than with us, and those rights absolutely protected everywhere within the limits of that empire; coming from a country where decency and self-respect mark the conduct of the rulers thereof. I hardly know whether I can conscientiously and consistently congratulate Mr. Pillsbury on his return to such a country as this. It seems to me the congratulations should be given to those who leave it. Still, we welcome him, because there is a mighty work to be done, as is shown by these shameful and attrocious deeds of which our ears have just heard, and of which our hearts are full. We, therefore, welcome him; but it is to a field of labour, it is to fresh toil, to new sacrifices—labours, and toils, and sacrifices, which he regards as the crowning blessing of his life.

Fortunately, ladies and gentlemen, my business, to-night, is not to speak. It is like that of the Speaker of the House of Representatives—so-called, because he does not speak. It is only that of a Master of Ceremonies, of one merely who introduces those who are to speak. I shall, therefore, conclude with merely asking you to respond to this sentiment:

Welcome home to Parker Pillsbury! (Enthusiastic cheering.) May health, prosperity and length of days, crowned with virtuous labours for humanity, attend him! (Renewed applause.)

Mr. Pillsbury, on rising to respond to this toast, was received with the most tumultuous cheering, which continued for some time. When it subsided, he addressed the assembly as follows:

SPEECH OF PARKER PILLSBURY.

Mr. Chairman: I fear you do me altogether too much honour, to-night. If I lack any incentive to a renewal of my covenant vows to the cause of humanity, any motive for a further and a final prosecution of the object of my life, I am quite sure that incentive and that motive are here and now before me. I could not have calculated, in the beginning of my connection with the great anti-slavery movement, on a result so flattering to myself as this; and you must sympathize with me in the embarrassment I feel at this moment. I can only appeal to your charity, in view of it. I have surely never sought any such honour as is conferred on me to-night; though I do realize somewhat the philosophy of the sentiment, "He that loses his life for my sake, or for the truth's sake, the same shall find it." This kindly expression, on your part, has come upon me without my seeking; but it is not, therefore, the less welcome, or the less gratifying. Some allusions that have just been made have turned my thoughts away from the scenes before me, and I almost feel as though this demonstration, at this time, was misplaced. When the blood of your noblest, bravest Senator is flowing at his desk in the halls of Congress, and when the new towns in the frontier settlements are sacked and burned, and lives are ruthlessly sacrificed by ruffian hordes in slavery's behalf, it almost seems to me that our sympathies should be turned in other directions than here. And yet there may be, perhaps, a propriety in such an expression as this; though you must allow me to regard it rather as done to the great cause I represent, and that we all so love, than to me. I am sure it was on that account I was so cordially and cheerfully welcomed on the other side of the water, wherever I turned my steps; and it is the greatest honour of my life, and the honour of all our lives, that we have been permitted to consecrate ourselves to such a cause. It has conferred honour upon us. Would to God I could make suitable return to it, for what it has done for me. Still, this expression on your part is not the less appreciated because I view it rather as an honour due and done to the enterprise itself, or because my thoughts and sympathies are turned towards Congress and Kansas in the midst of my joy. I can say, I have endeavoured, by fidelity to the great work before us, to win at least the approval of my own conscience and the God of the oppressed; and if, in addition to this, I have won somewhat of your respect and esteem, then I am

But, looking back over the two and a half years through the scenes and circumstances that have transpired, to which you have been witnesses and participants, but of which I only heard the report at a distance, there crowds upon my mind the consciousness of fearful losses sustained in the strife. The places that were well and honourably filled when I left the field of action, many of them are now vacant. Brave soldiers, with whom I have fought in many a struggle side by side, have gone now to their rest and their reward; and others, too, in less prominent stations, but none the less dear to me, have also disappeared; and I, who at one time could have reasonably expected that they might mourn my loss, rather than I theirs, am spared. And here, with their departed spirits hovering around us and over us, it is a pleasure, though a mournful one, to renew my consecration to the work in which they died; and their memory shall be sacred to me, until I too am called to rest from my earthly labours.

But, Mr. Chairman, there have been other losses to the anti-slavery cause in that time. Names in the Old World familiar to you as household words, are now to be cherished for the virtues and manly deeds of those who once bore them. I have, during my absence, kept an obituary record, and almost every week, certainly oftener than every month, I have been compelled to add one to that sad registry; and in the list for the other side of the water, there are names of those long to be remembered by us all. William Ashurst, the friend of universal freedom, not less than the friend of the American slave, is no more. He went down to his grave as a shock of corn fully ripe in its season. His setting sun was as glorious and peaceful, as might have been predicted from a long life zealously dedicated to the cause of humanity. And there are others, too, some of them, perhaps, in the humbler walks of life, but whose words have ever been open, and whose hearts have ever been warm towards the friends of humanity in this country. I need not name them, though there is a long list of them; names, dear to the friends of freedom there—also dear to the friends of freedom here. But there is one name which I must speak, though it is to me a name far above almost every other earthly name; and if the cause of Freedom be indebted to any one, more than all others in the Eastern Hemisphere, for the continuance of my life, it is to that single individual. His is a name to me too sacred to speak but with reverence and affection—too hallowed for any lips impure; and, so long as memory shall perform its office, the name of John B. Estlin will be to me as one in whom is centred all that can possibly be represented by father and by brother, and by the dearest earthly friend (applause).

[Mr. Pillsbury here proceeded to give a minute account of the state of his health when he left this country, his severe, long-continued and dangerous illness in England, and his gradual convalescence; giving full expression to his feelings of deep gratitude to Mr. Estlin and his devoted daughter, for the unfailing care, kindness and sympathy with which they watched over his sick bed, and to which, under God, he owes his life. The narrative was deeply affecting, and many eyes among the audience were dim with tears as he proceeded. "Had my sun gone down then and there," said Mr. Pillsbury, "I believe it would have set, serene and calm; and that I should have been able, in the last expiring moments, to honour the religion in which I am still living, and in which I hope to die."]

But, Mr. Chairman (Mr. Pillsbury continued), my strength and my time also forbid that I should dwell on many an interesting theme to me. As regards the anti-slavery cause in Great Britain, I think there are some misapprehensions in this country, but particularly one, and that is with regard to the numerical strength of those who are cooperating with us. I remember, when I arrived there, and began to make excursions from place to place, I thought of those splendid contributions to our Bazaar, that I had so often seen spread out in this very Hall, coming from that country, and I wondered from whom they could come; for, although I was looking with some degree of carefulness, I found no fountains that it seemed to me could send forth such gladdening streams, and I came to the conclusion that there had been a declension, and that these splendid gifts would cease to come; and I thought, if I have only arrived to witness the defeat of anti-slavery, it is unfortunate, especially for me—and I regretted I was there—I speak it sincerely—because it seemed to me there would be no more such contributions from that country to your treasury. But I consulted with one and the other—for there seemed but one or two in a town—as to the state of the case. They told me to keep myself at rest on that account, for they were not aware that there had been any declension; and when the time came for gathering up the harvest, I found my mistake, for truly they had resources I knew not of.

Now, let me tell you this, if those who have been mainly and mostly instrumental in sending those beautiful contributions to this country, should appear before you on this platform, you would be astonished at the number. I was invited to a Committee meeting at Dublin; three persons attended. I was invited to a meeting in Bristol of the Ladies' Anti-Slavery Committee; two persons attended. I was invited to a Committee meeting in Manchester, and, actually, once, *nobody* came! (Laughter.) I began to be almost as despairing as the old philosopher, and thought of getting a lantern, to hunt in daylight for the Abolitionists in some of those towns. But let me tell you this, the few who are abolitionized, are *wholly* dedicated to the work. They are not impulsive or spasmodic Abolitionists, and they have ways and means of their own, by which something can be done, they being only the central point or focus around which the anti-slavery sentiment radiates in other places. One family—the name is familiar to you all—told me they had now no visitors who did not contribute to the anti-slavery box; that they sought to make no acquaintances whom they could not turn to anti-slavery account (cheers). There are others, labouring with their hands, who are of the working people of England, who yet have a wealthy friend here and there, in different parts of the country; and when the time for contributions comes, to what they have been able to do themselves they add the contributions and gifts solicited from those friends in other places; and thus a thousand little rills, from all parts of Great Britain, flow into the receivers in Edinburgh, Glasgow, Dublin, Manchester, Newcastle, London and Bristol; and though, if you went into either of those places, you would scarcely find Abolitionists in the plural number, still, by such means and such expedients as these, this Hall has been many times, as you well know, filled as well with articles of beauty and taste, as with purchasers of them, from the most pro-slavery portions of the community, tempted into the Hall by these very gifts.

The general anti-slavery feeling in Great Britain does not differ materially from that in this country. You know the names of many who have travelled here from Great Britain. How many of them have gone home, and borne an honourable testimony to the efforts of the Abolitionists in this country? Rather let me ask, who of them, with one or two exceptions, has not gone home and maligned and misrepresented the Abolitionists of this country? Why, the Slave Power in our land, which is able to subdue so well in this country, can conquer Great Britain too. It has been often done most effectually through her representatives who have travelled here. I attended a great oratorio in Philharmonic Hall in Liverpool, one of the largest in Great Britain, and the last piece performed was "Rule Britannia," and at its close, the audience cheered as Britons only know how to cheer; but when the noise had subsided a little, I took the opportunity to say pretty loudly, "I would like to have her try her hand on South Carolina, and see if she could rule her" (applause). Well, the remark was, of course, received with astonishment; and wherever I went it was "Rule Britannia." But my response generally was—"Try it on South Carolina; see if you can protect your coloured seamen there!" (Cheers.)

It costs nothing to be an Abolitionist in Great Britain, in the British sense of the word; and yet, to be an Abolitionist in the American sense of the word, costs about just as much there as here. I found, as has already been announced to us, the same sectarian spleen and spite ruling and reigning there, that govern here; and I found men and women too, who dared to meet that spirit of bigotry, encountered the same persecution, though perhaps in a less violent degree, than is met here. And it cannot be said of the great mass of the British nation, that they sympathize at all in the anti-slavery movement. Still, there is no particular opposition to it there, only as it comes through the sectarian bigotry and spleen to which I have referred. I must say this, I think the only real obstacle to the spread of anti-slavery in that country is the British and Foreign Anti-Slavery Society, and that, at this time, is a good deal like Bunyan's Giant, after he was confined in his cave, and could only gnash his toothless gums at the Pilgrims as they passed by. It continues to exist in money, and I suppose, as long as it can find men unprincipled enough to perform, for pay, its work as Secretaries, it may continue for a time, through the abundance of wealth at its disposal. They issue a publication, which is *called* the *Anti-Slavery Reporter*, and sometimes it reports anti-slavery; but if you watch it carefully, you will find that it publishes the proceedings of other societies rather than its own. There was a Convention called in London, during my residence in Great Britain, and it was called with the most friendly and cordial solicitude, apparently, in order that there "might be a union of all the anti-slavery elements and forces throughout the realm." I was invited, and attended; but I found what I had before suspected, that it was another attempt to seize and stifle, or hold in control, the real anti-slavery throughout the country. Letters had been written by the Secretary of the British and Foreign Anti-Slavery Society to the Secretaries of the different anti-slavery societies throughout the country, asking them to become auxiliary to it. Wherever I went, I found these letters; and I always asked what was meant by becoming auxiliary to the Broad Street Society. If that means *help*, I asked, what are you going to help them to do? for they are doing nothing, and have done nothing. I believe that wherever I went, the effort to induce the friends of the anti-slavery cause to unite with them failed; and when I came to the Convention in London, and saw the spirit there, I could not but rejoice at the efforts I had been able to make in the towns and cities I had visited; and I believe that the little strength I had, was expended there in unmasking as cool and base a conspiracy as was ever attempted; and I think the strength was not spent in vain (cheers). That Society pretended to me that it was anxious to unite with Abolitionists of all countries, and especially of the United States; but when I asked them to mention the name of the American Anti-Slavery Society in a resolution, and thus honourably introduce us to the British public, they spurned that name. I said, "You know that that Society has been subjected to abuse and vituperation in your journal and by your Secretaries for the last fifteen years, and now, if you really intend to unite, it seems to me that the least you can do is to take us by the hand, and give us an honourable introduction to the British nation"; and one of the most influential members of the Broad Street Society, a man of great wealth, said that no consideration whatever could induce him to name the American Anti-Slavery Society in any of their resolutions, and another member said—"If the American Anti-Slavery Society has lost its character, this is not the place to come to have it retrieved"; and from that time there has been no attempt to form such a union, and will not be again. I mention this to show the spirit of a Society, that, under such a guise, was trying to inveigle into its toils a few noble men and women, who are aiding us in the great warfare in which we are engaged. My exposure and treatment of the plot were most satisfactory to our friends.

As to the Church and ministers of that country, probably there is no particular difference betwixt them and the Church and ministers here. If the ministers there were transferred to this country, most of them would be very much like our ministers here. Many American ministers, travelling there, seem to have become suddenly converted to the anti-slavery sentiment there; and the voyage across the water, whatever it has done to the physical organs, has had a very favourable effect on their *moral bronchitis* (laughter and cheers). But when they return, where are they, and what are they? Well, such is the condition of the Church and the clergy in that country, as well as in this. There are noble and honourable exceptions there, and there are noble and honourable exceptions here. God has a Church and ministry in both lands, but I do not believe it is composed, to any great extent, of the organized churches of either that country or this.

It is in the midst of such elements as these, that I have been permitted to perform some little anti-slavery work during the past year and a half. I have endeavoured to bear a faithful and true testimony there, as well as here. I have been solicitous that you on this side the water should watch well my course. I was not insensible to the seductive influences that surrounded me there, and I looked constantly to this country, in order that I might not be, by any means, lost or bewildered in the full flow of affectionate hospitality and attention I was receiving there, on almost every hand. I knew, also, the different religious sentiment and standard of that country; and how little acquainted men were with the actual condition of the Churches of this. When I told the people, in almost every town, that Church members and even ministers, held slaves, they listened, many of them, with astonishment. I remember in one town where I had three large meetings, the Mayor presiding, that he asked me, at the close of one lecture, "Is it true that your *ministers hold slaves?*" And when I told him it was true, and that it was not accounted any breach of Christian character, of morality or honour, he looked amazed. I said—"I can even tell you worse than that; it is not considered unchristian for ministers to be be breeders of slaves"; and the utter incredulity with which the Lord Mayor of that town looked upon my declaration, almost made me regret that I had made it. All that is perfectly familiar with us here; but there, they generally have no conception of it.

Well, it was among such elements as these I had to move, and to make my way, and it was a somewhat critical position to occupy, to be faithful towards the churches of my own country, on the one hand, and yet not to utterly annihilate the people there, by the shocks which the utterance of the truth produced upon them. But I think I may say this, that whatever of success I may have had there, or whatever of attention or respect and regard was shown me, not one jot of it has been the price of any letting down of my own testimony (cheers). I stand acquitted, Mr. Chairman—I speak it in all humility—I stand acquitted at the bar of my own conscience; I hope to stand acquitted at the bar of an impartial Judge; next to that, I need not tell you, I shall rejoice with joy unspeakable, if I stand approved by you also (prolonged cheers).

A single word more. I do not know what is before me. I have found my country in a condition such as few countries have been seen in before; else, indeed, I have read history to little purpose; but whether I shall be able again to stand shoulder to shoulder with you in the fore front of the fight (for that is the part I have usually sought to occupy) I cannot now promise. But, Mr. Chairman, let me assure you of this, that whatever strength remains, whatever of life is yet before me, here, in this place, consecrated to liberty, and in the presence of you, the gallant army of God's elect, who shall bear up the standard of freedom and justice, in an evil generation—here, amid such surroundings, I dare to pledge myself that, by the grace of God, the little which remains shall still be sacredly and religiously devoted to the cause (loud and continued applause). In my travels on the continent, I visited the field of Waterloo; and as I passed over these grounds, baptized in so much human blood, I found, on the extreme right of the English line, where was the fiercest of the fight, a good many old forest trees, the last remains of what, at the time of the battle, was a large park. Most of the trees have been cut away, but these few were left standing, that their ghastly trunks and limbs, shivered and broken by the cannon shot, might be a monument in coming time of that terrible conflict once enacted there; and when nothing else can be done by me, if I can but stand, a broken and shattered fragment of the sacramental host, to "tell of battles fought and victories won," and reflect your valour only in my own scared and mutilated body, even that would be an honour for which I would gladly fight every battle over again, and share its perils and encounters (cheers). I know not whether more than this remains for me.

Mr. Chairman, I have spoken longer now than at any time for the last two years, in a room so large. It may be that touching the soil of my native land, and breathing its air, I shall be revived and restored; but be that as it may, what is remaining of life and strength, it is yours and the slaves', for the sake of humanity, and in the service of God (loud cheers).

The President—My friends, you have all set your hands to your belief in that sentiment; and all who have ever known the past life of our excellent friend know that what he says, he means; and what he means, he will perform. We welcome him back to the Anti-Slavery movement—a movement of which this is one of the blossomings, and of which we have him who planted it, or at least him who watered it afresh, with us to-night. Permit me to offer this sentiment:

The American Anti-Slavery Movement—The last entrenchment of American liberty. Though beleaguered hotly, and assailed fiercely, we shall never despair of it as long as it has a *Garrison* that will never surrender (prolonged applause).

C. C. Burleigh—And never fail to make a successful sortie on the besiegers (cheers).

Mr. Garrison then came forward, which was the signal for the livelicst and warmest demonstrations of affectionate regard. Hats and handkerchiefs waved, and cheer resounded upon cheer, till the old Hall rang again. When the cheering ceased, Mr. Garrison said:

SPEECH OF MR. GARRISON.

Mr. Chairman: I can only say, respecting this generous reception of my name, that if those who have thus warmly responded were in Carolina to-night, they would unquestionably be tarred and feathered, or hung by the neck until they were dead, dead, dead (laughter). I do not think, however, that there is any great danger of any one here being exalted above measure, even by the warmest approbation that may be given to him. I think our friend Mr. Pillsbury, is entirely safe; for if it be true that "birds of a feather flock together," then, as compared with the great mass of the people of this country, we are still in a very lean minority, and our endorsement of each other does not remove the popular odium which attaches to us all, and cannot, under such circumstances, make us vain or giddy.

An ancient wise man has said that there "is a time to rejoice, and a time to mourn." By a most extraordinary coincidence, these times seem to be blended in one and the same hour on this occasion. We are here to rejoice at the safe return of our scarred and toil-worn friend from his visit to the Old World; and it is indeed good to see him once more safe among us. It is a time for rejoicing, that a life so precious has been spared; that we have the assurance that he will yet be seen in the foremost of the fight in time to come, as he has been in the days gone by, making his blows fall thick and fast on the heads of the enemies of human freedom. But it is also an hour for mourning, when we look at the condition of our country. Grief comes to us by every mail, tidings of horror by every telegraphic despatch. It would seem as if the very elements were dissolving, and the land were about utterly to be swallowed up.

Sir, we have not come here to indulge in festive dissipation, or in personal adulation, but to do a good deed by gratefully recognising the long-protracted labours of one of the most devoted of our little band in this glorious struggle; not forgetting the injunction, "Whom God hath joined together, let not man put asunder," but remembering that, if he has done well during his sojourn abroad, his beloved wife has also nobly acted her part, and is deserving of all commendation (great applause). He has told us of the many kind and sympathizing friends whom he met on the other side of the Atlantic, and who made his hours pass swiftly and happily away. I think of her who, in her loneliness during that long period, in the midst of a pro-slavery community, with few to sympathize with her, yearning to see his face, and hear his voice, and be strengthened by his presence and counsel, not only resignedly submitted to the separation, but even urged his continuance abroad, so long as there seemed to be any chance to improve his health, or to advance the cause of the oppressed, whose homes are ever desolate. God bless her! (Cheers.)

Our friend is an old soldier in the Anti-Slavery cause. Leaders in it there are none. Precedence is not leadership. It so happened that I anticipated my friend a little while, in lifting up my voice for the dowh-trodden and the dumb. We are none of us led, in a dependent sense. If there be a body of men and women on the face of the earth whose individuality is absolute, whose personal independence is conspicuous, it is the Abolitionists banded under the flag of the American Anti-Slavery Society (cheers). Every man does up his own thinking for himself; and the Anti-Slavery platform, to-day, in the conflict of opinions which has taken place upon it, has presented afresh to the gaze of the world, the fact that every Abolitionist utters his own thought, acts upon his own conviction, whether he has anybody to sustain him or not. This it is which makes us strong, vital, fearless, invincible.

Mr. Pillsbury has served, I believe, more than three apprenticeships in the Anti-Slavery cause. It found him at Andover, in a most unfavourable position—in the Theological Institution. Is he not "a brand plucked from the burning?" (Laughter and applause.) He was preparing to be a good Orthodox minister of the Gospel, according to the most approved pattern at Andover. Only think how much he has sacrificed! Why, if he had simply turned his back on our movement, if he had given due consideration to what Professor Stuart and Dr. Woods said to him, he might have been, at this very hour, nothing less than "the Rev. Dr. Pillsbury!" (Great merriment.) He might have had a large and flourishing parish, a good salary, and an excellent reputation. He is neither Doctor nor Reverend, and has lost his parish, reputation, and all! What an unfortunate man! Nay, how very fortunate; for in taking up this cause, he espoused that which makes a true minister of the Gospel, which furnishes a man with a commission from on high, needing no human endorsement; his parish has been as broad as the whole world, and he has spoken for the freedom of the human race (loud cheers).

Sir, our friend has been over to England. I have visited it on former occasions, and I know somewhat of the state of things in that country. The anti-slavery of England is very much what democracy is in our country, as against monarchy: it is traditional—it is sentimental. The great mass of the people, having no pecuniary interest in slavery whatever, and not having been corrupted by its presence, are naturally opposed to it, because they see it as it is. But they have never been tried in the fiery furnace; and so it has turned out, as our friend has reminded us, that when any of their distinguished ministers have come upon our soil, they have let their anti-slavery go to the winds, and bowed down to the dominion of slavery; finding themselves, for the first time in their lives, where to be an Abolitionist is everywhere fraught with popular odium, and in a large portion of our land with danger and death. Among the numerous delegates who have been sent to this country, representing Congregationalists, Methodists, Baptists, Presbyterians and Quakers, I believe there has been but one who has not fallen, the moment he was put to the test. The same *religious* effort which is here made to put down genuine abolitionism shows itself on the other side of the Atlantic, especially in Scotland; the same sanctimonious pretence, under an anti-slavery garb, that they cannot cooperate with "infidels," even to break the chains of the oppressed. So Mr. Pillsbury had to run the gauntlet of those bigots abroad, whose anti-slavery is a mere sentiment, and whose love of their sect is incomparably greater than their regard for bleeding humanity. In Glasgow, Edinburgh, and other places, they have organized hostile societies, for the purpose of withdrawing supplies from us, and stigmatized ours as an "infidel" movement. We know how all such would demean themselves on the question of slavery, if they were here: they would swell the army of trimmers and time-servers. There is not stuff among them all to make one uncompromising Abolitionist. Now, we have lost our religious reputation, because, among other reasons, we are like the woman who advertised in the newspapers for a husband—stating, among various qualifications that would be requisite to make a match, that the party applying must, in the first place, be a man of undoubted piety, and, in the second place, he must be honest and trustworthy (laughter). So we have demanded unquestionable piety, but, at the same time, conjoined with honesty and trustworthiness. If we had only left out the latter, our religious reputation would have been established, at home and abroad (applause). We have also refused to worship where, as Mrs. Partington told her boy, pointing to a church, "the Gospel is dispensed with" (laughter)—which is very clear evidence, in our land, and to many in the old world, that we must be an infidel body of people. Again, we repudiate the kind of piety which was exemplified in the person of the slave woman, who joined the church, but soon afterwards stole a goose. When communion day came round, her mistress, finding that she was going to communion, admonished her that she was not at all in a proper state of mind to do so, for she had not repented of the theft she had committed. "Lor, missus," said she, "you don't spose I'm gwine to turn my back on my bressed Master for no old goose, do you?" (Laughter.) Her religion was ceremonial—the religion of America, and of all Christendom. Hence, when we say, "Come out from these pro-slavery churches, for humanity's sake, and for the honour of God," the ministers and members thereof turn round and say, "You don't suppose we are going to turn our backs upon our blessed Master, for all the niggers in creation! You are a pack of infidels!" (Applause.)

But, sir, if there are narrow-minded bigots in the Old World, after the similitude of those in the New, it should not be forgotten, on an occasion like this, that there are also many large-hearted and world-wide spirits in the same quarter, who are giving to our cause their most hearty coöperation, who clearly understand and appreciate our position, whose regard for the slave is based on an unchangeable principle, and to whom we may confidently look for encouragement and aid to the end of the conflict. They are one with us in feeling and action.

Mr. Chairman, allow me, for a moment, to speak of our own country, in respect to the state of the times. I believe it was our esteemed friend Conway who said, at our meeting yesterday, that in the course of a week we shall ascertain whether the Union remains or is gone. "In the course of a week"? Why, sir, that question was settled more than seventy years ago. It was settled the very moment our fathers put sin into the Constitution, and cemented the Union with the blood of the slave. It has been settled from the foundation of the world that between Liberty and Slavery no union is possible, under any circumstances. Our mission at this hour is to proclaim that all compromise with sin is certain defeat and destruction; and that any government undertaking to exist by immolating the humblest of the humble in the land is doomed to an utter overthrow, in God's own time. We are to proclaim the fact that what is called "the Union" is a cheat, a sham, a lie, and thus to open the eyes of the people to a clear perception of their true condition.

Mr. Chairman, there are four millions of slaves clanking their chains in our ears; but ours is a glorious Union! Fugitive slaves, seeking their liberty by flight,

pierced through with the bodkin of the wife of one of the Triumvirs. It was the freedom of speech at which that murderous blow was aimed. Then "you, and I, and all of us, fell down, while bloody treason flourished over us." It is true, my friends, that words are things—that breath is more potent than bullets or bayonets; and I will give you, "*Freedom of Speech, now and forever*," and call to respond to that sentiment, Wendell Phillips.

Mr. PHILLIPS came forward amid tumultuous cheering, and spoke as follows:

SPEECH OF WENDELL PHILLIPS.

Mr. CHAIRMAN: Among so many kind and cheerful faces, the most welcome sight to me in this Hall, at the present moment, is the clock, which reminds me that I shall be expected to detain you but a very few moments.

Mr. GARRISON—I think we shall adopt the advice of Dr. Young, while Mr. Phillips is speaking, and "take no note of time, even from its loss" (cheers).

Mr. PHILLIPS—I am glad my friend is frank enough to remind you that it will be *loss* of time while I am speaking (laughter).

Mr. GARRISON—Not so; only its unconscious flight.

Mr. PHILLIPS—I congratulate our friend Mr. Pillsbury that he is here. My welcome takes the form of congratulation. I should pity him, if, as far off as England, he had received the news of this week. His hand would have ached for the hilt of the sword, that he might be at home in the thickest of the fight. I congratulate him that he is at home. When among the quaint and scholarly delights of Naples, Milton heard the first clang of arms from England, he hurried to lay his laurels on the altar of his native land, and left the scholars of Italy for the side of Cromwell and Hampden. I know that our friend would have gladly leapt from the lap of English hospitality; from all even that seemed to be labour there, to take part in such a struggle as that before us.

He left us loud in argument. He comes back to the clang of arms. He left a score or two of journals open to the slave question. He comes back to find the whole press swamped in the anti-slavery storm. He left us weeping over "Uncle Tom." He comes back to find us fighting over Kansas. He left the Senate laughing at the wit of Hale. He comes back to find it rebelling against Sumner. He comes back to a hand to hand fight. All that a brave man asks is to be shown his enemy: as Macbeth's foe said,

——"front to front
Bring thou this fiend of Scotland and myself."

God has granted us this. The breeze that fanned our friend's temples, as he approached his native shores, was freighted with this glorious news, that slavery, driven to the wall, had thrown away argument, and resorted to the club and the knife. Such resort is, in fact, pleading guilty. I congratulate Mr. Pillsbury on his return at such a moment. They say when the health inspectors come round, men hasten to clean up their cellars and scatter chloride. He comes home, with those Hebrew lips, on which stern, unfathomable thoughts have written, as Byron says, "eternal wrath," and the church seems to hasten to purify itself. He comes home, and it is a curious coincidence, Mr. Chairman—we might almost think it had a connection—the Tract Society deposes Adams (loud cheers).

"In Adams' fall,
We shouted all."

(Tumultuous laughter and applause.)

Our friend has been sometime abroad. We did not hear much in detail of what he was doing; we did not need to. That is the charm of the close love and confidence that join us together. He may go to the ends of the earth: we have wintered him and summered him before he went. They may write in a Scottish or English journal, no matter how plausibly, the tale of what he did or said wrong, but we know that his heart and intellect on this question are of such a quality, an unflawed gem, that he cannot betray us. We trust him, waiting cheerfully his return, and his own account of his labours. All the journals of England could not have made me doubt our friend. I have seen him stand in hotter temptation here in New England than he could possibly encounter in Old England. He stood erect! "*Catilinæ gladios contempsi, non tuos pertimescam*," said the Roman Senator, when they charged him with fear. Our friend had despised keener swords than those of any English temptation.

That description he gave us of the sickness through which English hospitality attended and nursed him—how touching it was! They did not know his face or his kindred. No ties bound him to them, but the love of a great idea. Let the South take warning! The love that binds Massachusetts to that sick bed at Washington is no empty admiration of a mock statesman (loud cheers), but the calm love that neither tires, nor faints, nor yields. I have another reason for rejoicing at our friend's return just at this time. I want him to know that we have been doing our duty while he was away. We have tried to make the soil hotter than when he left it. I hope he will find it so. We want help; we need his aid. Our squadron is so small that the absence of one counts. I know his heart is like that of the brave French noble, who, when a fortress, with only a handful of defenders, was closely besieged, rode to the walls and flung himself into it. Whether we conquer or fail, he wants to be in the fight as well as at the jubilee. New England is in peril; her pine-tree trembles in the storm; and she summons all her sons home to do her service on the soil that gave them birth (applause).

There is another reason why I want him here. There is a very large account due from New Hampshire to the Union. She imposed Webster and Pierce upon us: I want to offset it. Mr. friend Mr. Quincy alluded to the picture that lowers over our heads. Sumner has erased that, for we have got a Senator now worth painting (enthusiastic applause). Boston will tear it down the moment she wakes from her drunken idolatry, and knows the difference between a man and a huckster (renewed applause). There is another thing we mean to do; we mean to tear down that ugly vulture [the eagle over the clock], even now shrieking over the blood and fire of ruined Lawrence; and we will place the pine tree in its stead, and make these walls worthy, as once before, of the speech of Otis and the presence of Warren. I remind the South, that not long after a British assassin robbed us, in Otis, of the best orator of the Revolution, the clang of arms was heard upon Bunker Hill. God grant that our Bunker Hill may come as soon after the attack upon our Senator! (Applause.)

Another thing, Mr. Garrison says there is no leadership in this cause. He is right; but I confess, that when I see a fierce struggle with the church impending, I have great pleasure in looking into the face of our friend, and seeing him here. He seems to have a peculiar fitness, a sort of instinct for such matters; and if there is not any leadership, there ought to be—and I am always willing to subside into his wake on such an occasion. I welcome him home to the post of danger. He left the fortress besieged; he finds it now with very evident symptoms of internal revolt. I am glad of it. I welcome him home, because I feel safer with all the family about me in times of danger. When the ship labours at sea, I am glad to have all the best pilots aboard. He has come over the stormy ocean; he thinks, perhaps, he has entered a quiet harbour; he has not. There is a fiercer storm betwixt here and Washington, than betwixt here and Liverpool; and it is a storm which his voice will lash into fiercer energy—God bless him!—for out of that lightning, and out of that tempest, will come the green grass and beautiful fruit of a better civilization, a purer Christianity (applause).

Our friend says he is very weak, that disease has enfeebled him, that this is the largest hall he has spoken in recently; but he mistakes. Long years have builded him the walls in which he speaks; the confidence and love of thousands that have watched his dogged and bated steps for seventeen years of devoted anti-slavery life, have put on the arches and the top-stone, and his lightest whisper of anti-slavery rebuke is heard from the port of Boston to the banks of the Mississippi, creating enthusiasm where it does not find it (cheers). Disease may weaken his physical fibre, but it cannot blot out the years of service that make him loved and heeded on the far off prairies. I welcome him back to his parish (cheers). Andover refused him her blessing and her consecration; Faneuil Hall places its hand on his brow, and sends him out, the apostle of a civil and religious liberty of which Andover never dreamed (loud cheers). She would have given him for a parish the hide-bound intellect and timid conscience of some hamlet on the Green Mountains or the White; but our Pope, when he made him Bishop of New Hampshire, gave him the heart of humanity for his audience (great cheering). I rejoice that he has returned to his diocese (renewed cheering).

The PRESIDENT.—Those are good words, my friends, to be uttered in Faneuil Hall (cheers). We want something said here that will take the taste of that picture out of our mouths (referring to the picture of Webster in the Senate, which hangs behind the platform), and to drown the sound of that Sims' Brigade and Burns's Guard, who have been marching about the streets to-day, whose only achievement in arms was carrying back one poor negro into slavery. I am happy to say we have to-night, in Faneuil Hall, a friend who comes from the shadow of the Hall of Independence. This Hall has been desecrated—that Hall has been desecrated—both Halls need to be purified, to have a lustration performed, in order to make them worthy of the old time. As there are men here, we hope, who are trying to make Faneuil Hall what it was in the days of Hancock and Adams, so there are men in Pennsylvania who are striving to make the Hall of Independence the true Temple of American Liberty, which once it was. I will give you, my friends—

The true Abolitionists of Pennsylvania—Faithful, if few; they are striving to re-publish the Declaration of Independence, and make it a vital reality, instead of a mockery and a lie.

I call upon ROBERT PURVIS, Esq., of Philadelphia, Pa., to respond to that toast (loud cheers).

SPEECH OF ROBERT PURVIS.

MR. CHAIRMAN: I am gratifyingly annoyed by this reception; but I am glad to be here to-night, and I am glad of the opportunity afforded me, to say a word in congratulation and in cordial greeting of him whom you have so justly welcomed to his home.

Mr. Chairman, I desire to offer to our friend, Parker Pillsbury, my grateful acknowledgments for the services he has rendered the anti-slavery cause. I do this, not simply by reason of my connection or identification with the victims of American oppression, but because I am a Disunion Abolitionist (applause). His services have been of the highest value, for they have been a triumphant vindication of the course of the distinguished advocates of our cause against, sir, what you have justly characterized as the malignity of its enemies, either at home or in those who fitly represent them abroad, who have not been allowed to shield themselves there by the complexion of their skin, or by their sex. Sir, we need help from England; we need it from everywhere. We need help of that description which, while it would excite a feeling of utter abhorrence and detestation for slave-trading, will not the less excite a feeling of utter detestation and abhorrence for the slaveholders. "No Union with Slaveholders" is our motto. The sentiment is a brave one, and it should be broad and comprehensive. Not simply politically and religiously should we dissever ourselves from them, but commercially and socially. Ever in my mind I turn with glowing admiration to the inscription a Scottish nobleman placed over the entrance to his beautiful park—"No admission for American Slaveholders!" (Cheers.) And a source of continual pleasure to my mind, is the thought of the fixed and uniform bearing of that champion of freedom, Daniel O'Connell, who never, under any circumstances, tolerated in his presence, for a single moment, either a slaveholder or his apologist (applause). Sir, we need that feeling in this country, and why have we it not? I listened yesterday with great interest to the eloquent remarks of my friend Mr. Phillips, when he spoke of the degeneracy and meanness of the Anglo-Saxon blood, as exhibited in Yankeedom; and the thought struck me, that if that gifted woman, Mrs. Stowe, who, I am told, has now in preparation a work upon the poor whites of the South, should turn her attention, in a like manner, to the poor servile whites of the *North*, she might find abundant material, rich in chapter and incident. But, sir, we are told that this abject servility on the part of the North has its source in the trade of this section of the country. O, sir, I could invoke the scathing lightnings of Heaven to blast the entire commerce of your country, if by so doing I could waken to manly independence and becoming respect you of the North (loud cheers). Why, what kind of a Union have we to-day?—as our friend Garrison has asked. I trust, sir, I am not wanting in proper appreciation of the eminent services of the distinguished Senator from your State, either in or out of Congress, who now lies convalescing from the wounds he has received from the hands of brutal and cowardly assassins; but, sir, I feel that the deed was timely; the hand that inflicted the blows was fitting. Anything, anything, in God's name, that will tend to establish a backbone for the North, in asserting and maintaining its rights, and without regard to peril or to consequences! (Cheers.)

I have no more to say, Mr. Chairman. I really expected not to have had the privilege of uttering a word upon this occasion; and, utterly unskilled as I am in the art of public speaking, I will not trespass longer upon your time, only renewing my cordial congratulations and welcome to our noble friend (cheers).

MARIUS R. ROBINSON, of Ohio (editor of the *Anti-Slavery Bugle*), was then introduced to the audience. He said:

Mr. PRESIDENT: I feel that I should not do justice to the labours of Mr. Pillsbury in Ohio, did I not, in behalf of the Anti-Slavery friends there, express their joy at his return. You owe much to his labours here in the East: would that I could tell you how much we owe him at the West! I almost think we should hardly have a name to live were it not for his efforts, in connection with those of other delegates whom you have sent to us. He has been with us firm and always unfaltering; when others have faltered, he has encouraged and strengthened us.

But I feel, sir, that I cannot address this audience as I would. I can only give you the expression of my earnest joy at the return of our friend, and my sincere hope that we may meet him at the West again, with strength and and vigour to prosecute anew his labours there (cheers).

The PRESIDENT then called upon J. A. ANDREW, Esq., who had been present during the evening, and who, it was understood, was prepared to speak; but the illness of a member of his family had obliged that gentleman to leave the Hall, and the audience were thus deprived of the pleasure of listening to his always pertinent and forcible words.

CHARLES C. BURLEIGH being loudly called for, came forward and said:

Mr. PRESIDENT: But for two things I should be unwilling to rise at this hour before you, after the eloquence to which you have been listening. One is, that I desire never to be found wanting whenever called upon to lift up my voice in behalf of those principles, one of whose champions we have met to welcome; the other is, that I can never hold back my word of welcome and my gratulating hand from one who has proved himself so faithful to the cause, and who has endeared himself to the hearts of all its earnest advocates.

I can add nothing to what has been said in the urgency of the call that welcomes him back to his field of combat; I can add nothing to the testimony that has been borne to his fidelity, and to the nobility of his character. I can only add the little weight of my testimony, which is more the suggestion of my own heart than any accumulation, appreciably, to the weight of that evidence which has aleady sunk in conviction into the understandings and souls of you all. A life such as his needs no testimony from the lips of its admirers. I, too, with my friend Phillips, welcome our returned brother with words of congratulation. I too, rejoice, on his account, that he stands once more, face to face, in the close grapple with the enemy with whom we have to contend.

Our friend Phillips said we have no men to spare; we are so few that the absence of one counts; and I was reminded by our returned brother himself, that he comes to fill the place of more than one who have been taken from among us since he departed to another land. This coming recalls to our memory those who, when he departed, stood side by side with us—those who, if less able and energetic labourers in this cause than he, were not less faithful even than he; and higher praise than that no man need desire to bestow even upon the dearest loved ones that have fallen from his side. I rejoice, therefore, that he comes to fill these vacant places, as well as to stand in his own position, side by side with us in this conflict, which I trust is to terminate, whether in our lifetime or not, in a victory which shall amply reward all the efforts, all the perils, all the hardships, through which that victory is attained.

But I think, too, our friend comes to witness some progress made towards the attainment of the desired result; I think he comes to see us further forward than we were when he departed. If we find the enemies of this cause more furious and rampant than ever, if we find the manifestations of their hatred to it and their malice towards its advocates more intense than ever, is not this of itself a token that we have pushed the battle closer home, and that the enemy have begun to see more plainly than ever the desperateness of their cause, and the certainty of ultimate defeat? Does not the great, overshadowing Slave Power exhibit this exceeding wrath because it foresees that its time is short? I believe that in proportion to the earnestness with which we press upon our adversaries, will be, necessarily, the desperate energy with which they will contend against us; and, consequently, the apparent terribleness of the conflict in these, its more advanced stages. In times past, we have been fighting at a distance; we are coming to closer battle now. We have been assailing the enemy's outworks; now we are coming, face to face, close under the walls of the citadel.

As long as the aim of the assailants of slavery was but to overthrow it by constitutional means, as long as we continued to say, like him who is grimly frowning above us there [Webster], "Liberty and Union, now and forever," the Slave Power understood that language well enough. They understood very well, that in the second word we had already drowned the sound of the first, and as long as "Union" was to be the companion of "Liberty," our liberty was to be that of recording and enforcing the despotic decrees of the Slave Power; for how can we have rights and freedom, while we say to the slaveholder, "Whatever else comes, we mean to have Union—Union now, Union forever!" That was simply putting our necks into the gripe of the enemy. It was saying to him—"Whatever conditions you choose to impose upon us as the conditions of our remaining in the Union, all these we will submit to, and whatever you choose to describe to us as liberty, we will receive as such, so that we may still continue to be political partners with you."

We have seen all over the country the evidence of the danger of what I am here pointing out. Our idolatry and devotion to the Union have been the means of subjecting the entire North; and even now, a great majority of Northern people still retain that idolatrous worship for the Union, still imagine that there is a value in the shadow whereof the substance has departed. This is the reason why the ruffian from South Carolina dares to strike down a Senator of the United States, and the ruffians from the Missouri border dare to put the flaming torch to the dwellings of unhappy Lawrence. Let it once come to be understood that we value something else more than we value this American Union, let it come to be understood that we will sacrifice the Constitution, the Union, everything sooner than we will sacrifice justice, freedom, humanity, and you will see those boastful braggarts, those cowardly bullies, shrinking back from the conflict they have rashly provoked. We shall then have a victory without strife, and we shall have freedom certainly, and Union as a consequence of the assent of all men to the supremacy of freedom (loud cheers).

CHARLES LENOX REMOND was then called for, and came to the platform, the audience heartily cheering. He said:

MR. CHAIRMAN: No man can doubt that I share largely in the feeling that has called us together; nor can I doubt that any person acquainted with me will feel that whenever and wherever I can say a word calculated to advance the glorious cause of anti-slavery, I am not disposed to decline doing so. But I do not see how, under the circumstances, I could hope, without the exhibition of a very large vanity indeed, to increase the interest which I trust has been already secured upon this occasion. I glory, sir, I confess, in common with my friends upon this platform, in the auspices under which we have come together this evening; and I think I know our friend and guest, Parker Pillsbury, sufficiently well to hazard the expression of unfeigned gratitude from every slave and from every nominally free man of colour in this country towards him (loud cheers). In the trial hour, and in the sunshine, as far as my observation and hearing are concerned, I have always found him true and faithful. And it strikes me, in view of the odium which rests upon the coloured people of this country, in the direction of chivalry, of heroism, of patriotism, of humanity and manly courage and nobility of soul, I cannot express a higher compliment towards our friend than to say, in the name of the coloured people of this country, that he is their faithful friend at all times and under all circumstances (cheers). I do believe, and I think I am not extravagant when I say, that it requires as much courage to stand up in the United States at the present day, and be the unflinching friend of the despised black man, whether North or South, as was required at the hands of Joseph Warren and his coadjutors to take the stand they did in the struggles of the Revolution (applause). These being my feelings, I shall take my seat by saying, that while I welcome as heartily and unqualifiedly as any man can do our friend Parker Pillsbury, I do see cause to rejoice in much that is calculated to strengthen the hands of our friends and make strong their hearts in the number and character of the persons who have assembled here this evening, not only to give the right hand of fellowship to our friend, but to commit themselves to the most radical phase of anti-slavery, and whose motto is, "No Union, religiously or politically, with the scoundrel portion of the slaveholding American people" (loud cheers).

Mr. Chairman, I can only say, in conclusion, may God hasten the day when the citizens of Massachusetts shall have it in their power to say, that through their exertions, the old Commonwealth of Massachusetts, the land of Adams, and Otis, and Warren, shall be at least as sacred to the cause of liberty, and to the footsteps of the hunted fugitive, as the soil of Canada, over which presides Queen Victoria (cheers); and until we can say this of the Old Bay State, all our eulogies upon the men who fought the battles of the Revolution, all the associations which cluster around this Hall, the very reminiscences of Bunker Hill scenes, are as so many idle sounds. We owe it to the men who fought and died for impartial liberty, to make Massachusetts true to the principles which they established by their advocacy and by their blood. We owe it to ourselves, just in proportion as we vindicate and honour their course, to see to it that not many months shall roll round before Massachusetts shall dare to do so much for the cause of liberty in this Union as the contemptible State of South Carolina dares to do for the cause of slavery (applause). And if we have not manliness, and courage, and heroism enough to do this, never, in God's name, let us boast of our State, at home or abroad! (Cheers.)

After a few remarks from Mr. PILLSBURY, and the singing of another hymn, the company (a few minutes past 11 o'clock) dispersed.

BUCHANAN'S NOMINATION.

THE National Convention of the "Border Ruffian" Democracy, called for the purpose of nominating candidates for President and Vice-President, assembled in Cincinnati, on Monday, June 2d. Gen. John E. Ward, of Georgia, presided. The quarrel between the Hards and Softs of this State was compromised by admitting the delegates from both factions on equal terms, allowing those on each side to cast half the votes to which the State was entitled. The Benton delegation from Missouri was unceremoniously excluded. The first business, of course, was the fixing of the platform, and here the inevitable B. F. Hallett turned up. As Chairman of the Committee on that subject, he presented the resolutions which are to be the ostensible creed of the party for the present campaign. In the first place, the old Baltimore platform was recited and readopted; and then came other resolutions, of which we publish only such as are directly or indirectly related to the question of slavery, viz.:

Resolved, That we reiterate with renewed energy of purpose, the well considered declaration of former Conventions upon the sectional issue of domestic slavery, and concerning the reserved rights of the States—

1. That Congress has no power under the Constitution, to interfere with or control the domestic institutions of the several States, and that such States are the sole and proper judges of everything appertaining to their own affairs, not prohibited by the Constitution; that all efforts of the Abolitionists or others, made to induce Congress to interfere with questions of slavery, or to take incipient steps in relation thereto, are calculated to lead to the most alarming and dangerous consequences; and that all such efforts have an inevitable tendency to diminish the happiness of the people, and endanger the stability and permanency of the Union, and ought not to be countenanced by any friend of our political institutions.

2. That the foregoing proposition covers, and was intended to embrace the whole subject of slavery agitation in Congress; and, therefore, the Democratic party of the Union, standing on this national platform, will abide by and adhere to a faithful execution of the acts known as the Compromise measures, settled by the Congress of 1850: "the act for reclaiming fugitives from service or labour," included; which act being designed to carry out an express provision of the Constitution, cannot, with fidelity thereto, be repealed, or so changed as to destroy or impair its efficiency.

3. That the Democratic party will resist all attempts at renewing, in Congress or out of it, the agitation of the slavery question under whatever shape or colour the attempt may be made.

4. That the Democratic party will faithfully abide by and uphold the principles laid down in the Kentucky and Virginia resolutions of 1798, and in the report of Mr. Madison to the Virginia Legislature, in 1799; that it adopts those principles as constituting one of the main foundations of its political creed, and is resolved to carry them out in their obvious meaning and import.

And that we may more distinctly meet the issue on which a sectional party, subsisting exclusively on slavery agitation, now relies to test the fidelity of the people, North and South, to the Constitution and the Union:

1. Resolved, That claiming fellowship with, and desiring the cooperation of, all who regard the preservation of the Union under the Constitution as the paramount issue—and repudiating all sectional parties and platforms concerning domestic slavery, which seek to embroil the States and to incite treason and armed resistance to law in the territories; and whose avowed purposes, if consummated, must end in civil war and disunion—the American democracy recognise and adopt the principles contained in the organic laws establishing the Territories of Kansas and Nebraska as embodying the only sound and safe solution of the "slavery question" upon which the great national idea of the people of this whole country can repose in its determined conservatism of the Union—NON-INTERFERENCE BY CONGRESS WITH SLAVERY IN STATE AND TERRITORY, OR IN THE DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA.

2. That this was the basis of the Compromises of 1850—confirmed by both the Democratic and Whig parties in National Conventions—ratified by the people in the election of 1852—and rightly applied to the organization of territories in 1854.

3. That by the uniform application of this democratic principle to the organization of territories, and to the admission of new States, with or without domestic slavery, as they may elect—the equal rights of all the States will be preserved intact—the original compacts of the Constitution maintained inviolate—and the perpetuity and expansion of this Union insured to its utmost capacity of embracing, in peace and harmony, every future American State that may be constituted or annexed, with a republican form of government.

Resolved, That we recognise the right of the people of all the Territories, including Kansas and Nebraska, acting through the legally and fairly expressed will of a majority of actual residents, and whenever the number of their inhabitants justifies it; to form a Constitution, with or without slavery, and be admitted into the Union upon terms of perfect equality with the other States.

Resolved, finally, That in view of the condition of popular institutions in the Old World (and the dangerous tendencies of sectional agitation, combined with the attempt to enforce civil and religious disabilities against the rights of acquiring and enjoying citizenship, in our own land)—a high and sacred duty is devolved with increased responsibility upon the Democratic party of this country, as the party of the Union, to uphold and maintain the rights of every State, and thereby the union of the States; and to sustain and advance among us constitutional liberty, by continuing to resist all monopolies and exclusive legislation for the benefit of the few at the expense of the many, and by a vigilant and constant adherence to those principles and compromises of the Constitution, which are broad enough and strong enough to embrace and uphold the Union as it was, the Union as it is, and the Union as it shall be, in the full expansion of the energies and capacity of this great and progressive people.

1. Resolved, That there are questions connected with the foreign policy of this country, which are inferior to no domestic question whatever. The time has come for the people of the United States to declare themselves in favour of free seas and progress of free trade throughout the world, and, by solemn manifestations, to place their moral influence at the side of their successful example.

2. Resolved, That our geographical and political position with reference to the other States of this continent, no less than the interest of our commerce and the development of our growing power, requires that we should hold as sacred the principles involved in the Monroe doctrine: their bearing and import admit of no misconstruction: they should be applied with unbending rigidity.

3. Resolved, That the great highway which nature, as well as the assent of the States most immediately interested in its maintenance, has marked out for a free communication between the Atlantic and the Pacific oceans, constitutes one of the most important achievements realized by the spirit of modern times and the unconquerable energy of our people. That result should be secured by a timely and efficient exertion of the control which we have the right to claim over it, and no power on earth should be suffered to impede or clog its progress by any interference with the relations it may suit our policy to establish between our government and the governments of the States within whose dominions it lies. We can, under no circumstances, surrender our preponderance in the adjustment of all questions arising out of it.

4. Resolved, That, in view of so commanding an interest, the people of the United States cannot but sympathize with the efforts which are being made by the people of Central America to regenerate that portion of the continent which covers the passage across the inter-oceanic Isthmus.

5. Resolved, That the Democratic party will expect of the next Administration that every proper effort be made to insure our ascendancy in the Gulf of Mexico, and to maintain a permanent protection to the great outlets through which are emptied into its waters the products raised out of the soil, and the commodities created by the industry of the people of our Western valleys, and of the Union at large.

This is understood on all sides as a complete endorsement not only of the Kansas-Nebraska bill and all its consequences of ruffian violence and outrage, but of the schemes of the Fillibusters for the annexation of Central America and Cuba.

Next came the balloting for a Presidential candidate. On the first trial, Buchanan received 135, Pierce 122, Douglas 33, Cass 3. After this, Pierce fell off, a portion of those who supported him on the first ballot changing to Douglas, others to Buchanan. On the 14th ballot the vote stood, Buchanan 152, Pierce 75, Douglas 63, Cass 5; Buchanan's majority 9—not two-thirds. This was Thursday, and here an adjournment took place till Friday morning, when the voting was resumed. On the 15th ballot, the vote stood thus: Buchanan 168; Douglas 118; Pierce 3; Cass 4. At this point, after his vote had gone down to 3! Pierce was withdrawn by the New Hampshire delegation! A rich joke, certainly, considering the brilliancy of his prospects. On the 16th ballot, Buchanan received 168, Douglas 121, Cass 6. At this point, it being perfectly manifest that Douglas had no chance, his chief bottle-holder, Richardson of Illinois, presented the following despatches:

WASHINGTON, Tuesday, June 3, 1856—1:49 p. m.

From the telegraphic reports in the newspapers I fear that an embittered state of feeling is being engendered in the Convention which may endanger the harmony and success of our party. I wish you and all my friends to bear in mind that I have a thousand fold more anxiety for the triumph of our principles than for my own personal elevation. If the withdrawal of my name will contribute to the harmony of our party or the success of the cause, I hope you will not hesitate to take the step. Especially it is my desire that the action of the Convention will embody and express the wishes, feelings and principles of the Democracy of the Republic; and hence, if Mr. Pierce or Mr. Buchanan, or any other eminent statesman who is faithful to the great issues involved in the contest shall receive a majority of the Convention, I earnestly hope that all of my friends will unite in insuring him two-thirds, and then in making his nomination unanimous. Let no personal considerations disturb the harmony of our party or endanger the triumph of our principles. S. A. DOUGLAS.

WASHINGTON, June 5, 1856—9 a. m.

I have just read so much of the platform as relates to the Nebraska bill and Slavery question. The adoption of that noble resolution by the unanimous vote of all the States accomplishes all the objects I had in view in permitting my name to be used before the Convention. If agreeable to my friends, I would much prefer exerting all my energies to elect a tried statesman on that platform to being the nominee myself. At all events, do not let my name be used in such manner as to disturb the harmony of the party or endanger the success of the work so nobly begun. S. A. DOUGLAS.

WASHINGTON, June 5, 1856—9½ p. m.

Mr. Buchanan, having received a majority of the Convention, is, in my opinion, entitled to the nomination. I hope my friends will give effect to the voice of the majority of the party. S. A. DOUGLAS.

The seventeenth ballot was then taken, when Buchanan received every vote—296 in all. After several ballotings, John C. Breckenridge, of Kentucky, was nominated for Vice-President. The Convention adjourned soon afterwards, amidst the wildest demonstrations of enthusiasm.

On Saturday evening, Cass and Douglas both addressed a large crowd in Washington, in support of the nominations. The former said: "The Convention had done its duty nobly. Now the party must do its duty—put on the armour, and go forth to the conflict; but not the armour of rifles—not the weapons which some of the Northern churches would put in the hands of their congregations—but the armour of reason, argument and patriotism." [This hit at the rifles was cheered tremendously.] Gen. Cass concluded by urging that the Democracy stand shoulder to shoulder for the nomination, for, indeed, evil times were upon us.

Douglas's speech is thus reported:

He appeared not as a matter of formality, but his whole soul was in the good work. After a handsome eulogy on the candidates, he proceeded to speak of the platform lately adopted by the Cincinnati Convention, and said the principles of the Democracy of Massachusetts were the same precisely with the principles of the Democracy of South Carolina. A Democrat could pass from one section of the Union to another, from the South to the North, or from the North to the South, and carry his principles with him. Could any other parties say as much?

Many voices—"No," "No."

Mr. Douglas—We have standard-bearers who can defy the combined forces of the entire opposition. We have all the "isms" now in a line, and we will rake them down together. All "isms" were closely connected, and in Illinois he thought they were the true Siamese twins, so closely do they stick together. Our platform tells you that resistance to the laws is treason, and that treason should be rebuked. The Democracy uphold the law in Kansas, while the Negro-Worshippers, who do not like the law, are for shooting down the officers. This was the whole Kansas difficulty. Law on one side, and lawless violence on the other. As it is the right of the majority to make the law, so are the minority bound to obey the law. This is the universal principle of every free government. But the Kansas laws are not the first laws resisted by these Negro-Worshippers; the Fugitive Slave law had been resisted by them also, and because it required the slaves to be returned to their masters. If there were holes enough in this law to let the runaway negroes drop through, then would they regard it as the holiest law on the statute book. But as the Constitution provides for the return of fugitives, it is the Constitution that these worthies object to. Did you ever know a criminal who approved of the law he wantonly violated? The triumph of the Democracy would be so complete, said Mr. Douglas, that history would hardly record the name of the opposition candidate. He meant the Black Republican candidate, for the Know-Nothings he considered dead. They had no show in the Keystone State, the home of Buchanan; New York was aroused and her noble sons were arming for the contest; Massachusetts, too, would not be found wanting; while New Hampshire, the Star in the East which has never set—the home of Franklin Pierce—would lead the van. Here the speaker paid a high compliment to Mr. Pierce and his administration, and closed by urging "union for the sake of the Union."

A procession was then formed, which proceeded to the White House, when the President appeared at the window and made a long harangue, in the course of which he said:

"It is cheering to know that the action of the late Convention places the statesmen and patriots who are to lead us now upon the identical platform which I accepted, with full conviction of my judgment and with every sentiment of my heart, and that they are to occupy it with the standard lowered never an inch, so far as the strict construction of the Constitution and the vindication of the constitutional rights of every portion of the Union are concerned."

At Lancaster, Pa., on Monday last, Mr. Buchanan, being waited upon at his own residence by the Keystone Club of Philadelphia, made the following speech, pledging himself to the platform adopted by the Convention:

GENTLEMEN OF THE KEYSTONE CLUB—I give you a most hearty and warm welcome to my abode. I congratulate you not upon my nomination, but upon the glorious privileges of being citizens of our great Republic. Your superiority over the people of other countries has been fully demonstrated by the conduct of a vast concourse assembled during the past week at Cincinnati. Upon any similar occasion in Europe, the voluntary expression of the people would have been drowned in martial music, and their actions controlled by an army with banners. How unlike the spectacle at Cincinnati, where delegates from the people of the different States met in Convention under protection of the Constitution and laws, and harmoniously deliberated upon subjects of vital importance to the country. Gentlemen, two weeks since I should have made you a longer speech, but now I have been placed upon a platform of which I most heartily approve, and that can speak for me. Being the representative of the great Democratic party, and not simply James Buchanan, I must square my conduct according to the platform of that party, and insert no new plank, nor take one from it. The platform is sufficiently broad and national for the whole Democratic party. This glorious party, now more than ever, has demonstrated that it is the true conservative party of the Constitution and of the Union.

A VALUABLE BOOK.—We invite attention to the advertisement in another column of a new volume, just issued by Miller, Orton & Mulligan, viz.: "The Kidnapped and the Ransomed; being the Personal Recollections of Peter Still and his wife after forty years of slavery." A copy of the work is on our table, and want of space alone prevents us from reviewing it the present week. The narrative was written by Mrs. Pickard, formerly a teacher in Alabama, where she knew Peter and his family. Rev. W. H. Furness contributes a sketch of the life of Seth Concklin, the brave man who lost his life in an effort to free the wife and children of Peter, while the Introduction bears the well-known signature of Samuel J. May. The book is the record of a most remarkable experience, and it is published at exactly the right time to attract the notice of the public.

IN EARNEST.—We invite particular attention to the noble resolves of the General Synod of the Reformed Presbyterian [Covenanter] Church, adopted last week in Philadelphia, and published in another column. If ecclesiastical bodies generally were as thorough in their opposition to slavery and as consistent in their testimony as this Synod, the system could not live a year. But alas! their garments are red with the slave's blood!

CIVIL WAR IN KANSAS.—The papers are filled with startling details of the bloody conflict in Kansas—a conflict that grows more bloody and terrible every hour. We have letters also of the most painfully interesting character from friends in that Territory, but want of space compels us to defer their publication.

From our Boston Correspondent.

NO. CXC.

THE ARGUMENT.—The Correspondent telleth of the continuance of the Sumner excitement—Also of the ebbing of the tide of Twaddle—Moreover of the Treason of the Courier, Dr. Kirk and Judge Parker—And of the loyal antidotity of the Post—He readeth a Chapter of Tories and expoundeth the same—He giveth an account of the Republican Convention—He praiseth its spirit and maketh unsavoury comparisons of its Resolutions—He speaketh of dish-water, of bolsaes, of Old Women, and defileth Union—He turneth to the New England Anti-Slavery Convention—And describeth it and the discussions there held—He giveth a new Tractate of Education—He telleth the story of the Pillsbury Festival—Of the speeches—Of the Chairman—Of whom he refraineth from speaking, and why, &c. &c.

BOSTON, June 9, 1856.

I AM happy to say that the excitement relating to the attempt to assassinate Senator Sumner has abated no jot with the lapse of the fortnight since I wrote to you last. It seems to me that it has deepened in its intensity and grown stronger in the tone in which it utters itself. The twaddle by which the baser sort of fellows strove to shield the assassin from the just abhorrence he would naturally excite, because of the severities of language Mr. Sumner had used in his place, has gone by. I don't think I have heard anything of it for more than a week. The mass of those who made or suffered the effusion of this *flapdoddle* (or the stuff they feed fools with) had never read the Speech; and as they could not help making haste to join the whole world who had read it before in consequence of this atrocity, the common sense of the matter was too flagrant for the toleration of such malignant balderdash. Indeed, after the worst of the news from Kansas arrived, even the *Courier*, which had been foremost in the circulation of this trashy talk, was roused to allude to the possibility of Disunion, and to drop the words Northern Republic. The Rev. Dr. Kirk, too, said some treasonable words, to the same effect, from the Sacred Desk, to the unspeakable horror of the *Boston Post*. Dr. Kirk, you may remember, incurred the displeasure of that pious print at the time Burns was carried back, I think it was, or it may have been about the Repeal of the Missouri Compromise, by some incautious expressions of disapprobation of that National Villany or some other. And so the *Post* has been down on these delinquents and others like them, especially Judge Parker, the Law Professor at Cambridge, for his noble speech there, with the patriotic fervour good pay for light work alone can inspire. It was delightful to witness its contortions, they so well imitated earnestness. One could almost be deluded into the belief that there was really some occasion for them.

But it was curious to consider how identical was the line of argument held by this Organ of the Officeholders for New England, in deprecation of even the idea or the name of a Separation from the South, with that the old pre-Revolutionary Tories used to employ to deter from the thought of cutting loose from the Mother Country. There was the same magnifying of the omnipotence of the Power to be assailed, the same prediction of certain defeat, the same description of the happiness now enjoyed under the beneficent shadow of the existing Government and the ruin that would ensue from a disturbance of the present relations, and so on to the end of the chapter. And, funnily enough, it cited these very precedents and besought those who entertained such mad ideas to remember that even at the time of the Revolution the people were not unanimous, that dissension entered into families, and the public household was as one divided against itself, and it warned all and singular that if any such attempt should ever be made, they would find loyal men arrayed against them in their own vicinage. As if everybody did not know that those who are fattened at the public crib would not have it torn from them without a struggle. But we all also remember what became of those loyal recipients of the dippings of the Royal roast in the end. They had leave to retire to foreign parts, of which they availed themselves with singular unanimity and speed. Our Tories may not have so far to go for their loyalty to tyranny as their predecessors; but then they will not have so grateful nor so able supporters in their exile as the British government. The beggarly South, and as ungrateful as she is beggarly (as Franklin Pierce found out last week, if he didn't know it before), will have no Colonial Judgeships and Collectorships and Commissionerships wherewith to reward their faithful adherents. An overseer's place on a worn-out plantation is the highest promotion at which they can hope to arrive.

The Republicans had their Convention to nominate Delegates to the Philadelphia Convention, at Worcester, last week. Mr. Wilson's presence was the distinguishing feature of the occasion. The manly and courageous conduct of this gentleman since he has been at Washington, and especially since the attempt on his colleague's life, have won for him general esteem and admiration, and overcome the prejudices which lingered against him in the breasts even of many of his own party. Mr. Charles Francis Adams, who has never been a cordial supporter of Mr. Wilson, came out on that occasion, in a frank and honourable spirit, and placed himself fully by his side. It was a very great and tumultuously enthusiastic assemblage—a sort of Mass Meeting requiring the Common for its place of gathering, as no hall could hold the tenth part the tithe of them. A very strong spirit of resistance to Slavery, on the ground on which the party stands, was manifest. It is not an Anti-Slavery spirit in the highest sense which ostensibly inspires the Republican

Miscellaneous Department.

WAS IT A LIBEL?

"Mr. Sumner, I have read your speech twice. It is a libel on South Carolina, and on Mr. Butler, who is a relative of mine."

CHARLES SUMNER did not libel South Carolina. Representing Massachusetts which furnished to the Revolutionary War 83,092 Continental troops and militia, against 5,508 (!) from South Carolina, it was suitable that in repelling the stale assumptions in behalf of the latter State and her sister slave-labour communities, that republican liberty was won by the arms and treasure, by the patriotism and good faith of the South, he should tell the truth as it is in the keeping of history.

The record of the revolutionary struggle shows that South Carolina's slavery weakened South Carolina, so that she was a drag upon the fight not only, but a perpetual point of danger to the common cause—a constantly open gateway for invasion and general disaster. Then as now she held a foe in her bosom, which crippled her capacity for offensive war, and weakened her powers of defensive action—a foe dangerous to the Union, in its exceeding dangerousness to an assailable member of the Union.

Mr. Sumner two years ago gave the Senate proof of the imbecility of the slave States, in that in 1776 the six South Carolina regiments, composing with the Georgia regiment, the regular force of the Southern Department, *did not muster above eight hundred men.* It was wholly impossible to fill their ranks. In 1779, the Governor of the State which now grows Butlers and produces Brookses and Keitts, offered to stipulate to the British commander the neutrality of Carolina! and leave it to the issue of the contest to settle whether she should belong to the King of Great Britain, or to the Americans. After the fatal day at Camden, there was not a single battalion in the field in the three Southern States.

The exaggeration of the resources of the slave States—their destitution—the savage animosities existing among their people—their social disorder and confusion—the want of patriotic feeling among them, constituted the themes of General Greene's bitter and almost despairing letters to members of Congress, to Northern governors, and to Lafayette. Abundant testimony upon the incapacity and the backwardness of the Southerners in the revolutionary conflict could be adduced from the North. Partial it will be called. But no question will be made of the veracity of the slave State witnesses called to the stand on this point. Here they are:

"There is not a gentleman on the floor who is a stranger to the feeble situation of our State when we entered into the war to oppose the British Power. We were not only *without money, without an army or military store, but we were few in number, and likely to be entangled with our domestics in case the enemy invaded us.*"—*Speech of Burke, of S. C.—Annals Cong.:* 1789, *Vol.* 2, *p.* 1484.

"The committee appointed to take into consideration the circumstances of the Southern States, and the ways and means for their safety and defence, report that the State of South Carolina (as represented by the delegates of the said State and by Mr. Huger, who has come here at the request of the Governor of the said State, on purpose to explain the circumstances thereof) is unable to make any effectual effort with militia, by reason of the great proportion of citizens necessary to remain at home, to prevent insurrection among the negroes, and to prevent the desertion of them to the enemy: That the state of the country, and the great number of these people among them, expose the inhabitants to great danger, from the endeavours of the enemy to excite them to revolt or desert."—*Secret Journal Continental Congress, March* 29, 1779, *Vol.* 1, *p.* 105.

"Every addition they (Georgia and South Carolina) receive to their number of slaves, tends to weaken them, and render them less capable of self-defence."—*Mr. Madison in Debate—Annals of Congress, Vol.* 1, *p.* 340.

"The forces under command of General Provost marched through the richest settlements of the State, where are the fewest white inhabitants in proportion to the number of slaves. The hapless Africans allured with the hope of freedom forsook their owners, and repaired in great numbers to the royal army. They endeavoured to recommend themselves to their new masters by discovering where their owners had concealed their property and were assisting in carrying it off."—*Ramsay's History of South Carolina, Vol.* 1, *p.* 312.

"But the number of negro slaves dispersed throughout these States was very great; so great as to render it impossible for the citizens to muster freemen enough to withstand the pressure of the British arms."—*Judge Johnson's (of S. C.) Life of General Greene.*

South Carolina is not peculiar in the circumstances of her slave labour society which made her so weak during the revolution, and her whole territory an open avenue of danger to the Americans struggling with Great Britain for their freedom. It is the inseparable and inevitable incident of slavery.

The Hon. Philip A. Bolling, of Buckingham, spoke in the Virginia House of Delegates on the 11th of January, 1832, the consciousness of every Southern man in respect to the social insecurity resulting from the unnatural relation of master and slave: "Nor does this want of confidence and feeling of insecurity, result from any craven fear. No, sir! It results from the noblest feelings of the human heart, and is no partial feeling, but is felt by all. Who, that has a mother, wife, sister or child, that has not felt when seriously reflecting upon this subject, pangs little short of death"?—*Albany Evening Journal, May* 24.

SCENES ON BOARD A COOLY SHIP.

From The Boston Evening Transcript, May 31.

The character of the Cooly traffic has been revealed to many of our citizens by the graphic letters received from young men who have been on board the Boston vessels engaged in the trade. We make the following extract from a letter received by a literary lady of our acquaintance from a brother, who is an officer on board a Boston ship that has carried Coolies:

AT ANCHOR, OFF CAVITIE, December 19, 1855.

THE captain received orders from Manila to weigh anchor and proceed to Manila as soon as possible, and, in case of head wind or no wind at all, to leave the responsibility of navigating the ship to your servant, and go immediately himself by first opportunity. As there was no wind yesterday, Capt. H——— left, knowing I should do my best in getting the ship over there. I then commenced to mast head topsails, and be ready for the first breeze that might spring up. The Chinamen noticed all this and went below. At 7 a. m., when it was quite dark, very dark I should say, the "*Chinas*" came on deck, all of them (one hundred and thirty-eight), and commenced crying!

Such a noise you never heard. I was writing in the cabin at the time, and knowing how easily Chinamen became excited and desperate, I began to take out our firearms, cutlasses, &c., when Mr. C., the third mate (second mate on shore), came to me and said, "Come on deck, sir, the Chinamen are crowding abaft the barricade." I stepped out on deck, and, hearing a splash in the water, was told that the Coolies were jumping overboard—that I was going to London or the United States with them, and that they would sooner die at once; and as they think if they commit suicide their souls, or rather themselves, would go back to China with their wives, mothers and children, I forbade any one to attempt saving the lives of those overboard, then, for others were coming aft crying for opium, thinking I would give it to them, as it had formerly been given, but by none of us.

I armed the crew and *myself* (rest assured of that), gave the word "*advance*—every Chinaman below; don't fire or thrust until I tell you to." We *did* advance, in *order*, too, and what I am vain enough to boast about, I had every soul of them below without injuring one. Then I gave orders to haul on board all Chinamen that were overboard; that done, I stationed a guard at each hatch, Mr. C. and myself watching during the night; next morning I lifted anchor and started for Manila, with my crew of but eight Spaniards, who can't understand a word of English.

The breeze was very light, and what a tedious and exciting time I had of it! Now running to the wheel, then again, with cutlass in hand, to the hatches, in order to keep the Chinas below; under a hot sun, hardly a breath of air, and all day getting the ship but eight miles. 'Twas done, though, and safely, and up to this time I could not manage to use the editorial *we*, you see, because my captain was ashore, and you will excuse it as having been really *me*.

The interpreter, who was the instigator of the trouble, I put in irons (gently!) away from any communication with the Coolies. But now comes the close of this "sad, eventful history." A scrap from my journal will give you a better idea of the scene than any after remembrances, and thus it goes:

19th. To-morrow is the important day, and not for the world would I send my letters home until the Coolies are out of the ship; that no anxious fears for my safety should distress my mother and sister. Yet to-morrow, I fear, blood will be shed. The Chinamen for three days have not eaten anything, and can't be induced to eat; they say that they will die if not allowed to go on shore, and will not be transhipped to the bark for Callao. They are now all below, ready to die "and go back to China." To-morrow soldiers are to come off, march down below, tie them, and put them into the lighter alongside, and towed to the bark. They will, probably, struggle hard, and, as I learned to-day, use some weapons they have in their possession.

The shore captain is a fine young soldier of family, and but eighteen years of age. Tied together, these poor wretches must be hoisted over the side, but there are many great scoundrels among them; they are to be taken first, and perhaps afterwards the others will go themselves. I anticipate trouble, for I know them well. If they think that by dying they can go back to China with friends, they would rather do so than go to Callao for five years among strangers. More to-morrow. Now for a nap on my albatross pillow of tender down—then to stand watch awhile. I have a "sweet little dear" of a pet in my spaniel, who is happy enough when I turn in.

20th. The day has passed. Chinamen are all gone, and now, while I am writing, are under sail for Callao. At 10 a. m. was received a note stating that government would do nothing to-day! Something must be done. Chinamen becoming desperate. Have eaten nothing for three days, and all stretched out between decks to die. The captain and myself consulted together, and the result is, that out they must come. Our little band armed and willing to come at first, but their lives threatened by the other Coolies, they were obliged to succumb.

The captain stationed me at the fore hatch while he looked out for the main. About twenty came up forward, then a stop—I became impatient, went down below and drove them up and marched aft. Capt. H., wondering at such an unusual arrival of Coolies, turned round and saw me below, under main hatch, *steps hauled up.* "My God! Mr. O. below, all alone. Give me a cutlass and pistol," and down he came.

Both of us then got the remainder on deck, and over the side into the lighter, and two hours after took a receipt for one hundred and thirty-eight Chinamen, on board of bark Louise, for Callao. This day has been exciting; the Coolies had weapons below and plans drawn out, but, as with most guilty persons, these were frustrated. Now they are under the charge of Capt. W., of this little bark, and before long, we think that Capt. W., officers and crew, will be under their charge. We gave him instructions to manage them.

EMANCIPATION IN RUSSIA.

IN the midst of the controversies which occupy our attention at home, we should not lose sight of what is done for the cause of humanity abroad. According to the latest intelligence from Russia which we published the other day, the Emperor Alexander II. had made a formal avowal of his design gradually to emancipate the serfs. The institution of compulsory servitude is felt as a political weakness, and one of the first public declarations made by him, after the conclusion of a peace with the formidable enemies lately leagued against him, is to tell the nobles of Moscow that it cannot last much longer, and that he looks to them to prepare some scheme for extinguishing it by degrees.

In this desire to raise the mass of the nation from the condition of bondmen, bought and sold with the land, the Emperor and his nobles are not fully agreed. The sovereign desires to emancipate the serfs, as a means of elevating the character of the nation and of strengthening his empire. As long as they remain in their present condition, they must rank low in the scale of civilization. The Russian serf has nothing that he can call his own; everything is his master's, from the hat on his head to the shaggy sheepskin on his shoulders, and his boots of lindenbark. By denying him the right of property, the law debars him from taking the first step in civilization. We have heard a good deal of the advances made lately by the Russians in civilization; but these must be confined to the free inhabitants, which form comparatively a small part of the population. The great mass of the Russian race, forty-four millions out of fifty-four, must be entirely unaffected by this movement, which passes over their heads without touching them. They are as completely below the influences of civilization as the cattle in their stalls or the dogs that sleep on their hearths. Before they can be elevated in the social scale, they must be allowed personal rights.

While the Emperor sees his interest in emancipating the serfs, the nobles fancy their interest to be concerned in keeping them as they are. They now possess absolute power over them, and the possession of absolute power is never readily relinquished. The ownership of men and women is, moreover, something beyond a mere right of property; it confers rank, it removes them to a far greater distance below their masters than they would occupy if they were free. The nobles of Russia cling to the institution of serfdom, because it makes every one of them a sovereign, a despot within his own domain. Their own immediate interest seems to them to consist in the maintenance of their power and their rank entire; the interest of the empire at large is to them a remote one.

And yet the manumission of the slaves of Russia is vastly important to the empire. While the rest of the world are making progress in intelligence and the arts of life, forty-four millions of human beings in Russia must stand still; must remain barbarians. It was owing to this cause, probably, that the war between Russia and the Allies was so soon brought to a humiliating conclusion for Russia. It was a war between civilized races on the one side and a vast population of barbarians on the other.

And so it must be hereafter, until the slave population of Russia be manumitted and raised to the rank of freemen. The great empire may be traversed with railways, steamers may be built to navigate her rivers, ports may be established and filled with vessels; her civilization will still be mainly external, a civilization confined to a comparatively small number, and imparting no essential strength to the empire, because it does not penetrate to the heart of the nation. The Russian must be endowed with civil rights; he then becomes a man, and has a country; until this is done, Russia, whatever efforts are made, must remain essentially stationary. It is, we suppose, because the present Emperor is convinced of this, that he has declared that the present condition of the greater part of his people cannot endure much longer.—*Evening Post.*

THE BLIND PREACHER.

RICHMOND, October 10, 1803.

I HAVE been, my dear S——, on an excursion through the counties which lie along the eastern side of the Blue Ridge. A general description of that country and its inhabitants may form the subject of a future letter. For the present, I must entertain you with an account of a most singular and interesting adventure, which I met with, in the course of the tour.

It was one Sunday, as I travelled through the County of Orange, that my eye was caught by a cluster of horses tied near a ruinous, old, wooden house, in the forest, not far from the road side. Having frequently seen such objects before, in travelling through these States, I had no difficulty in understanding that this was a place of religious worship.

Devotion alone should have stopped me, to join in the duties of the congregation; but I must confess, that curiosity, to hear the preacher of such a wilderness, was not the least of my motives. On entering, I was struck with his preternatural appearance. He was a tall and very spare old man; his head, which was covered with a white linen cap, his shrivelled hands, and his voice, were all shaking under the influence of a palsy; and a few moments ascertained to me that he was perfectly blind.

The first emotions which touched my breast, were those of mingled pity and veneration. But how soon were all my feelings changed! The lips of Plato were never more worthy of a prognostic swarm of bees, than were the lips of this holy man! It was a day of the administration of the sacrament; and his subject, of course, was the passion of our Saviour. I had heard the subject handled a thousand times: I had thought it exhausted long ago. Little did I suppose, that in the wild woods of America, I was to meet with a man whose eloquence would give to this topic a new and more sublime pathos, than I had ever before witnessed.

As he descended from the pulpit, to distribute the mystic symbols, there was a peculiar, a more than human solemnity in his air and manner, which made my blood run cold, and my whole frame shiver.

He then drew a picture of the sufferings of our Saviour; his trial before Pilate; his ascent up Calvary; his crucifixion; and his death. I knew the whole history; but never, until then, had I heard the circumstances so selected, so arranged, so coloured! It was all new: and I seemed to have heard it for the first time in my life. His enunciation was so deliberate, that his voice trembled on every syllable; and every heart in the assembly trembled in unison. His peculiar phrases had that force of description, that the original scene appeared to be, at that moment, acting before our eyes. We saw the very faces of the Jews: the staring, frightful distortions of malice and rage. We saw the buffet: my soul kindled with a flame of indignation; and my hands were involuntarily and convulsively clinched.

But when he came to touch on the patience, the forgiving meekness of our Saviour; when he drew, to the life, his blessed eyes streaming in tears to heaven; his breathing to God a soft and gentle prayer of pardon on his enemies, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do"—the voice of the preacher, which had all along faltered, grew fainter and fainter, until, his utterance being entirely obstructed by the force of his feelings, he raised his handkerchief to his eyes, and burst into a loud and irrepressible flood of grief. The effect is inconceivable. The whole house resounded with the mingled groans, and sobs, and shrieks of the congregation.

It was some time before the tumult had subsided, so far as to permit him to proceed. Indeed, judging by the usual, but fallacious standard of my own weakness, I began to be very uneasy for the situation of the preacher. For I could not conceive how he would be able to let his audience down from the height to which he had wound them, without impairing the solemnity and dignity of his subject, or perhaps shocking them by the abruptness of the fall. But—no: the descent was as beautiful and sublime as the elevation had been rapid and enthusiastic.

The first sentence with which he broke the awful silence was a quotation from Rousseau: "Socrates died like a philosopher, but Jesus Christ like a God!"

I despair of giving you any idea of the effect produced by this short sentence, unless you could perfectly conceive the whole manner of the man, as well as the peculiar crisis in the discourse. Never before did I completely understand what Demosthenes meant by laying such stress on *delivery.* You are to bring before you the venerable figure of the preacher: his blindness constantly recalling to your recollection old Homer, Ossian, and Milton, and associating with his performance the melancholy grandeur of their geniuses; you are to imagine that you hear his slow, solemn, well-accented enunciation, and his voice of affecting, trembling melody; you are to remember the pitch of passion and enthusiasm to which the congregation were raised; and then, the few minutes of portentous, deathlike silence which reigned throughout the house: the preacher, removing his white handkerchief from his aged face (even yet wet from the recent torrent of his tears), and slowly stretching forth the palsied hand which holds it, begins the sentence: "Socrates died like a philosopher"—then pausing, raising his other hand, pressing them both, clasped together, with warmth and energy to his breast, lifting his "sightless balls" to heaven, and pouring his whole soul into his tremulous voice—"but Jesus Christ—like a God!" If he had been indeed and in truth an angel of light, the effect could scarcely have been more divine.—*Wirt's Letter of the British Spy.*

From The National Era.

THE MAYFLOWERS.

The trailing arbutus, or mayflower, grows abundantly in the vicinity of Plymouth, and was the first flower that greeted the Pilgrims after their fearful Winter.

Sad Mayflower! watched by Winter stars,
And nursed by Winter gales,
With petals of the sleeted spars,
And leaves of frozen sails!

What had she in those dreary hours,
Within her ice-rimmed bay,
In common with the wild-wood flowers,
The first sweet smiles of May?

Yet, "God be praised!" the Pilgrim said,
Who saw the blossom peer
Above the brown leaves, dry and dead,
"Behold our Mayflower here!"

"God wills it: here our rest shall be,
Our years of wandering o'er,
For us the Mayflower of the Sea
Shall spread her sails no more."

Oh! sacred flower of faith and hope!
As sweetly now as then
Ye bloom on many a birchen slope,
In many a pine-dark glen.

Behind the sea-wall's rugged length,
Unchanged your leaves unfold,
Like love behind the manly strength
Of the brave hearts of old.

So live the fathers in their sons,
Their sturdy faith be ours,
And ours the love that overruns
Its rocky strength with flowers.

The Pilgrim's wild and wintry day
Its shadow round us draws;
The Mayflower of his stormy bay,
Our Freedom's struggling cause.

But warmer suns ere long shall bring
To life the frozen sod;
And, through dead leaves of hope, shall spring
Afresh the flowers of God!

J. G. W.

AN INSTITUTE FOR IMBECILES.

CORRESPONDENCE.

COLUMBIA COLLEGE, New York, April 30, 1856.

MY DEAR SIR: Having heard that you were thinking of establishing in this city or vicinity an *Institute for Imbeciles*, I venture to express my earnest hope that you will carry out such an undertaking.

It is some years now since this present acquaintance with you, and the reports of institutions in which you have been engaged elsewhere, of like character with that projected here, that my deepest interest was excited for the forlornest class of human beings, for whose improvement you were labouring, and my grateful admiration of the self-denying, gentle, persevering and surprisingly successful efforts in their behalf to which you have consecrated your life. Hence I must desire that this city should be the scene of your labours, and cannot doubt that you will find here, where no well-considered form of benevolence appeals in vain, abundant support and encouragement in an enterprise, which, as we are human, concerns us all.

With great regard, yours very truly, CHAS. KING.

Mr. J. B. Richards.

TO JAMES B. RICHARDS, ESQ.—*Sir:* Hearing that you have left the School for Idiots in Pennsylvania, of which you have had, for some time past, the direction, with the intention of opening a similar one elsewhere, we take this method of expressing our earnest wish that you may find sufficient inducement to establish it in the city of New York.

Of the system of treatment by which not only the mental but the physical powers are developed and strengthened, in that peculiar department of education to which you have devoted your exertions, we think most highly, deeming it one of the most important discoveries of the age. We entertain a favourable opinion of the capacity and skill with which you conduct its practical application, and hope that the benefits of your talents and experience may be secured for this populous city, where so many subjects of your useful and humane labours will be found.

We are, sir, with great respect,
Your obedient servants,

Valentine Mott, M.D.,	Peter Cooper,
Lewis A. Sayre, M.D.,	William C. Bryant,
John W. Francis, M.D.,	Wm. Hall,
Millard Parker, M.D.,	James H. Titus,
John E. Griscom, M.D.,	Gerard Hallock,
D. T. Brown, M.D.,	Henry W. Bellows,
Bloomingdale Asylum for the Insane,	Stephen Wm. Smith,
New York, May 8th, 1856.	W. Adams.

GERMANTOWN, May 13, 1856.

To the Hon. Chas. King, Wm. C. Bryant, and others, of New York City.

GENTLEMEN: Yours of May 5th is before me. I am glad to find that the successful treatment of Imbeciles in this country and in Europe, has so far attracted the attention of your community as to call for the establishment of an institution for this class of persons in your midst.

I am aware that there must be many who will not be likely to avail themselves of the advantages of the State Asylum for idiots at Syracuse, which has been so generously endowed by your Legislature, and so successfully conducted by Dr. Wilbur.

It is, therefore, with pleasure that I accept of your very kind invitation, and will open as soon as practicable, in some healthful and pleasant location, a private family school, for the teaching and training of such cases of physical and mental imbecility as cannot be developed by the ordinary methods.

The observations made during a visit to similar institutions in Europe, in 1848, and the experience had during my connection with the Massachusetts State School, for the three years of its infancy (which School owes its origin and present success mainly to the influence of Dr. Howe), as well as that gathered in originating and managing the Pennsylvania training school for idiotic and feeble-minded children, has proved to me beyond a question that much, very much can be done towards arousing the intellects of this class of children, and bringing them more nearly to a healthful, normal condition, provided their education be commenced at a sufficient early age.

The spark of intelligence is there; buried it may be beneath such a load of physical deformities or feebleness of mental organization, or functional derangement, as to make it impossible that it should ever see the light, unless some earnest person who thoroughly understands the nature of the obstacles to be overcome and character of the mind with which he is to deal, will take them gently yet firmly by the hand, and lead them out of the maze in which they have been so completely lost.

As my future course and plans for my school will be somewhat influenced by the number of applications, I hope that parents or guardians having imbecile, backward or feeble-minded children, who desire to avail themselves of such an opportunity, will do so at once.

Notes, for the present, may be sent to the care of Stephen William Smith, Esq., No. 50 Maiden Lane, New York city, where they will receive my attention.

Very respectfully yours, JAMES B. RICHARDS.

THE SUMNERS OF MASSACHUSETTS.

IN Loring's "Hundred Boston Orators" we find some account of the Sumners of the last century. The grandfather of Senator Sumner, Major Job Sumner, was a native of Milton, Massachusetts. He entered Harvard College in 1774, but when, after the battle of Lexington, the students were dispersed and the college edifice was converted into barracks, he joined the Continental army, in which he continued until peace was declared. He was second in command of the American troops who took possession of New York on its evacuation by the British, November 25, 1783, and was also second in command of the battalion of light infantry which rendered to General Washington the last respects of the Revolutionary army, when, on the 4th of December, 1783, at Francis's Tavern, New York city, he took leave of his brother officers and comrades in arms.

Major Sumner died on the 16th of September, 1789, and was buried, with military honours, in St. Paul's churchyard, New York City. Alexander Hamilton was one of the pall-bearers at his funeral. Major Sumner's tomb is inscribed as follows:

"This tomb contains the remains of Major Job Sumner of the Massachusetts line of the army of the Revolution; who, having supported an unblemished character through life, as the soldier, citizen and friend, died in this city, after a short illness, universally regretted by his acquaintance, on the 17th day of September, 1789, aged 35 years."

Charles Pinckney Sumner was the only son of the foregoing, and the father of the present Senator from Massachusetts. He graduated at Harvard College with distinguished honour in 1796. Among his classmates were Pickering, the well known Hellenist, James Jackson, one of the first physicians of his time, and Leonard Woods, the eminent divine.

A large and genial spirit of philanthropy seems to have characterized all of Mr. Sumner's thoughts and actions. An incident well illustrates this: Shortly after leaving college, he passed a Winter in the West Indies. The vessel, in which he was a passenger, happened to stop at the island of Hayti, which was then rejoicing in its independence; and the officers and passengers, with other American citizens there, were invited to a public entertainment on the anniversary of the birthday of Washington, at which Gen. Boyer, afterwards President of that Republic, presided. Mr. Sumner, when called upon for a toast, gave the following: "Liberty, Equality, and Happiness to all Men"; which so much pleased Boyer, that he sent one of his aids-de-camps to invite the young American to take the seat of honour by his side at the feast.

Mr. Sumner studied law under the guidance of the Hon. Josiah Quincy, and though he never rose to extensive practice, he acquired a reputation for the accuracy and extent of his legal lore. He early attached himself to the Democratic party, and was, throughout, a firm and consistent advocate of its principles. Jefferson was his *beau ideal* of a statesman, and he strove, in his daily walk, to exemplify those rules of action, whether public or private, of which that great man was the living embodiment. He wrote in republican newspapers and took part in republican meetings. He composed speeches, pamphlets and addresses. In one of the latter, delivered on the 4th of July, 1808, occurs the following passage, as applicable to the times in which we live as to the days of the embargo and non-intercourse excitement nearly fifty years ago:

"There is, indeed, no diversity of interest between the people of the North and the people of the South; and they are no friends to either who endeavour to stimulate and embitter the one against the other. What if the sons of Massachusetts rank high on the roll of revolutionary fame! The wisdom and heroism for which they have been distinguished will never permit them to indulge an inglorious boast. The independence and liberty we possess are the result of joint counsels and joint efforts—of common dangers, sufferings and successes; and God forbid that those who have every motive of sympathy and interest to act in concert, should ever become the prey of party bickerings among themselves."

Mr. Sumner was not long actively engaged in the political arena, though for several years he was clerk to the Massachusetts House of Representatives.

He also served for many years as Sheriff of the County of Lincoln. Through life he was characterized by the ripeness of his scholarship, his integrity, and the ease and grace of his deportment. He was often styled the "best-mannered man in Boston." His memory will be venerated in his descendants as long as eloquence, literature, science and moral purity are esteemed among men.—*Evening Post.*

PENN'S TREATY WITH THE INDIANS.

THE country assigned to him by the royal charter was yet full of its original inhabitants; and the principles of William Penn did not allow him to look upon that gift as a warrant to dispossess the first proprietors of the land. He had accordingly appointed his commissioners, the preceding year, to treat with them for the fair purchase of a part of their lands, and for their joint possession of the remainder; and the terms of the settlement being now nearly agreed upon, he proceeded, very soon after his arrival, to conclude the settlement, and solemnly to pledge his faith, and to ratify and confirm the treaty in sight both of the Indians and planters.

For this purpose a grand convocation of the tribes had been appointed near the spot where Philadelphia now stands; and it was agreed that he and the presiding Sachems should meet and exchange faith, under the spreading branches of a prodigious elm-tree, that grew on the banks of the river. On the day appointed, accordingly, an innumerable multitude of the Indians assembled in that neighbourhood; and were seen, with their dark visages and brandished arms, moving, in vast swarms, in the depth of the woods which then overshadowed the whole of that now cultivated region.

On the other hand, William Penn, with a moderate attendance of friends, advanced to meet them. He came of course unarmed—in his usual plain dress—without banners, or mace, or guard, or carriages; and only distinguished from his companions by wearing a blue sash of silk net-work (which it seems is still preserved by Mr. Kett, of Seething-hall, near Norwich), and by having in his hand a roll of parchment, on which was engrossed the confirmation of the treaty of purchase and amity. As soon as he drew near the spot where the Sachems were assembled, the whole multitude of Indians threw down their weapons, and seated themselves on the ground in groups, each under his own chieftain; and the presiding chief intimated to William Penn, that the nations were ready to hear him.

Having been thus called upon, he began: "The Great Spirit," he said, "who made him and them, who ruled the heaven and the earth, and who knew the innermost thoughts of man, knew that he and his friends had a hearty desire to live in peace and friendship with them, and to serve them to the utmost of their power. It was not their custom to use hostile weapons against their fellow-creatures, for which reason they had come unarmed. Their object was not to do injury, and thus provoke the Great Spirit, but to do good. They were then met on the broad pathway of good faith and good will, so that no advantage was to be taken on either side, but all was to be openness, brotherhood and love."

After these and other words, he unrolled the parchment, and by means of the same interpreter, conveyed to them, article by article, the conditions of the purchase, and the words of the compact then made for their eternal union. Among other things, they were not to be molested in their lawful pursuits even in the territory they had alienated, for it was to be in common to them and the English. They were to have the same liberty to do all things therein relating to the improvement of their grounds, and the providing of sustenance for their families, which the English had. If any disputes should arise between the two, they should be settled by twelve persons, half of whom should be English and half Indians.

He then paid them for the land, and made them many presents besides from the merchandize which had been spread before them. Having done this, he laid the roll of parchment on the ground, observing again, that the ground should be common to both people. He then added, that he would not do as the Marylanders did, that is, call them Children or Brothers only; for often parents were apt to whip their children too severely, and brothers sometimes would differ; neither would he compare the friendship between him and them to a chain, for the rain might sometimes rust it, or a tree might fall and break it; but he should consider them as the same flesh and blood with the Christians, and the same as if one man's body were to be divided into two parts. He then took up the parchment, and presented it to the Sachem who wore the horn in the chaplet, and desired him and the other Sachems to preserve it carefully for three generations, that their children might know what had passed between them, just as if he himself had remained with them to repeat it.

The Indians, in return, made long and stately harangues—of which, however, no more seems to have been remembered, but that "they pledged themselves to live in love with William Penn and his children, as long as the sun and moon should endure." And thus ended this famous treaty—of which Voltaire has remarked, with so much truth and severity, "That it was the only one ever concluded between savages and Christians that was not ratified by an oath—and the only one that never was broken!"

Such, indeed, was the spirit in which the negotiation was entered into, and the corresponding settlement conducted, that, for the space of more than seventy years, and so long indeed as the Quakers retained the chief power in the government, the peace and amity which had been thus solemnly promised and concluded, never was violated; and a large and most striking, though solitary example afforded, of the facility with which they who are really sincere and friendly in their own views, may live in harmony even with those who are supposed to be peculiarly fierce and faithless.

We cannot bring ourselves to wish that there were nothing but Quakers in the world, because we fear it would be insupportably dull; but when we consider what tremendous evils daily arise from the petulance and profligacy, the ambition and irritability, of sovereigns and ministers, we cannot help thinking, it would be the most efficacious of all reforms to choose all those ruling personages out of that plain, pacific, and sober-minded sect.—*Edinburgh Review.*

ROGER WILLIAMS.

The history of Roger Williams is too familiar in New England to demand a detailed sketch. A minister of the Established Church, his nonconformist opinions drove him, at the age of thirty-two, to the new colony of Massachusetts Bay, where he arrived in 1631. He was too outspoken against the Church of England to obtain a settlement in Salem, where he was needed. He went to the Plymouth colony, and there "exercised by way of prophecy" for two years. In 1633, he returned to Salem, where he was elected sole pastor and teacher, but he soon got into trouble for denouncing a law of the colony, compelling attendance upon public worship according to the forms and doctrines approved by the Massachusetts churches. Here he proclaimed his doctrine of "soul liberty," which was afterwards engrafted into the policy of the Commonwealth of which he became the father and founder. He went for the largest liberty in matters of religious opinion, a license altogether distasteful to the people of Massachusetts, at that time. For this sin, he was banished, and only escaped transportation to England by flying to the savages, with whom he lived for several weeks. Having received from Canonicus, chief of the Narragansetts, a grant of land, he, with five companions, commenced the settlement of Providence, a point neither in Massachusetts nor Plymouth. The place became the resort of the disaffected in Massachusetts, and, in two years after (1638), the settlers made a mutual covenant to submit, "but only in civil things," to the decisions of the majority, each man possessing his "soul-liberty."

Passing by the settlement of Portsmouth and Warwick, and the jealousy of Massachusetts and her endeavours to bring the new, liberal settlements into her jurisdiction, we come to the time that Williams sailed from New Amsterdam for England (not daring the attempt to sail from Boston), for the purpose of obtaining a charter for protection against the pretensions to jurisdiction of Massachusetts and Plymouth. He obtained his charter in 1644, with the authority for the inhabitants of the Providence Plantations to "rule themselves." This charter, unlike all former instruments of the sort, made no allusion to religion, whatever. After many obstacles had been overcome, a government was organized in 1647, and a body of laws enacted. In this code of two years' earlier date than the famous act of Maryland concerning religion, Williams's doctrine of "soul-liberty" was adopted without any limitation. In fact, no mention of religion was made in the case. This was the offspring of the people, and by the side of it the early action of Maryland is certainly very insignificant. Though persecuted almost madly and mercilessly by the Puritans of Massachusetts, the people of Rhode Island, to whom Quakerism was entirely repugnant, refused to unite by word or deed in the persecution which everywhere met that unfortunate sect, and resisted all the attempts made to force the colony into the adoption of the common policy. At that time, the other four New England colonies were connected by a kind of union, for defence, and two commissioners for each joined in a letter protesting against the toleration which the Quaker preachers enjoyed in Rhode Island, and threatening non-intercourse, but it all availed nothing. Rhode Island maintained her position as the single liberal colony on the continent. The restoration of Charles II., while it relieved Rhode Island of the threats and importunities of its neighbours, placed it in a position to defy them.

Of Charles II. a new charter was at last obtained, in which the principle not of toleration merely, but of religious freedom and equality, was distinctly embodied—stated, in fact, in the most forcible and unmistakeable language. This was inserted at the request of *the people*, who declared, in their humble address to the king, "that it was much in their hearts (if they might be permitted) to hold forth a lively experiment, that a most flourishing civil State may stand and best be maintained, and that among English subjects, with a full liberty of religious concernments." Rhode Island, however, has a single blot on her character.—*Springfield Republican.*

BLUE BEARD.

THIS bugbear of every nursery in Christendom was no fabulous monster veiled in human form. He actually lived, moved, and had a being in the fifteenth century; not, however, as a long-robed turbaned Oriental, as the pictures which used to make our blood curdle, would lead us to think.

On an eminence which overlooks the little village of Champtoce, near the Loire, stands the imposing ruin of an old feudal castle. Its grey walls, bare and broken, rear themselves against the glorious sky; and amid the tumbling turrets, the bat and the owl beat their wings and shriek in their midnight revels. The superstitious peasantry avoid the neighbourhood from fear, and when the storm whistles and the wind moans, they imagine the sounds to be wails from the injured dead of the old ruin. The dread of the place is no new feeling, but has existed among succeeding generations of peasantry since the reign of Charles the Seventh. It was at that time the dwelling of Gilles de Retz, a feudal baron, who, as he was then, and still is called, the "Barbe Bleu," was, no doubt, the original of our time-honoured, or rather feared, Blue Beard. His deeds of blood, which were but the every-day incidents of his life, made him the terror of the surrounding region. The bare mention of his name was enough to subdue the most rebellious urchin into submission; and even the parents believed that the winds which reached them by passing over his domain, were sulphur-tainted.

Well does the history of this man reveal the dark superstition of the fifteenth century, and also the impunity with which one in high rank might commit the most revolting crimes against humanity. De Retz had once been in possession of immense estates and untold wealth. But by the most debasing excesses he not only squandered his fortune, but also ruined his constitution, so that, while yet a young man, he bore the appearance of decrepitude and old age. He could not, however, consent to pay the penalty of his sin by becoming old before his time. In the blindness of his superstition he conceived the hope of reclaiming both health and wealth by the power of magic. Having heard of a famous Italian alchymist who had performed some great miracles by this art, he sent for him to the castle.

The cunning magician at once read his man, and encouraged his hopes; he was, therefore, employed at a high price to undertake the work, and invited to make the lofty castle his home. The first act was the winning back of health and vigour, without which all other treasures are of little avail. Numberless were the arts he tried, and mysterious the preparations he made. The dark dungeons and secret subterranean passages beneath the castle were the scene of his work. Here the terrified peasantry imagined that the Italian made a compact with the Prince of Darkness, and sold the duped De Retz to him in compensation for his aid in restoring his health. Among many nonsensical and harmless experiments, were also some of a cruel and abominable character. He induced his infatuated employé to believe there existed in the blood of infants a charm for restoring youth and vigour. He assured him that by bathing daily in the blood of these innocents, the pure young life which had so lately coursed through their tiny veins would be transferred to his own.

The bloody baron did not shrink for one moment from the commission of the horrid crime which this prescription rendered necessary. Tender infants were secretly stolen or forcibly torn from their parents, and kept in the dungeons of the castle, till their blood was required. It is believed that not less than one hundred humble mothers were thus deprived of their youngest born. This fiend in human shape hired a magician but not a murderer. That office he reserved for himself, nor did his savage nature shrink from the horrid work it imposed. With his own hand did he pierce the hearts of his affrighted little victims until there was blood sufficient to cover his emaciated body. This is but one instance of the monstrous cruelty of De Retz. We think very likely his wife shared the fate of the poor infants, and that the story of Blue Beard in wide trousers, loose robe and turban, was not exaggerated.

But crime cannot always go unpunished. Even then, when the rich ruled over the poor, justice and mercy triumphed at last. The cries and entreaties of the heart-broken people around his domains reached the ears of his superior, Jean V. He was arrested and brought before a tribunal of justice. His palace was thrown open to the public gaze, and its horrid dens and vaults were swift witnesses against him. He was found guilty of murders by scores, and after confessing many crimes, before unknown, he was burnt at the stake in Nantes, 1440. This was the original of "Blue Beard," and there, although more than four hundred years have passed away since he paid the penalty of his crimes, the broken walls and jagged turrets still stand as a memorial that the wicked shall not go unpunished.—*Watchman and Reflector.*

THE HISTORY OF NEWSPAPERS.—The first newspaper was issued monthly in MS. form, in the republic of Venice, and was called the *Gazetta*, probably from a farthing coin peculiar to Venice, and which was the common price at which it was sold. Thirty volumes of it are still preserved in a library at Florence.

It was long supposed that the first newspaper published in England was at the epoch of the Spanish Armada, but it has been discovered that the copies of that bearing the imprint of 1538, in the British Museum, were forgeries. There was no doubt that the puny ancestor of the myriads of broad sheets was not published in London till 1622—150 years after the art of printing had been discovered; and it was nearly 100 years more, before a daily paper was ventured upon. Periodical papers seem first to have been used by the English during the times of the Commonwealth, and were then called "weekly news-books." Some had most whimsical titles.

The first newspaper printed in North America was printed in Boston, in 1690. Only one copy of that paper was known to be in existence. It was deposited in the State Paper Office in London, and was about the size of an ordinary sheet of letter-paper. It was stopped by the government. The *Boston News-Letter* was the first regular paper. It was first issued in 1704, and was printed by John Allen, in Pudding Lane. The contents of some of the early numbers were very peculiar. It had a speech of